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Loyal Hearts.

PRINTED, NOT PUBLISHED.

LOYAL HEARTS,

A MILITARY DRAMA,

—:IN:—

Five Acts and Six Tableaux.

—:BY:—

E. T. SAWYER and A. P. KELLY.



SAN JOSE, CAL.

McNEIL BROS., Book and Job Printers, Knox Block.

1880.

This Book must be returned to the Manager.

PS635
.Z9 S27

CHARACTERS.

OSCAR GIRARD.

JOHN BUSHNELL, U. S. A.

RICHARD HARLEY, Overseer and Confederate Spy.

UNCLE DAN, an old Slave.

CATO, his Son.

SI WINSLOW, Sergeant U. S. A.

CALEB DOW, Private U. S. A.

JUDGE LAMAR, a Southern Planter.

HUGH CALVERT, his Friend and Neighbor.

CAPT. ARMSTRONG, U. S. A., afterwards Colonel.

SERGEANT JONES, U. S. A.

CAPT. ARNOLD, U. S. A.

PRIVATE SLOAN, U. S. A.

GUARD, C. S. A.

Union and Confederate Soldiers, Negroes, etc.

MILDRED BUFORD, Lamar's Niece.

HELEN MARSH, a Governess.

MRS. BUSHNELL, John's Mother.

MELISSA JANE BARNES, Maid-of-all-work.

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LOYAL HEARTS.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1. *A view of the Lamar plantation, Virginia. Planter's dwelling, raised from the ground, with steps and veranda, L. Negro hut, R. U. E. Table and chairs, R. C. Books and papers on table. Music for opening, "Down upon the Suwanee River."*

Enter young Cato, from hut, with gun.

Cato. Golly! I'se gwine git dat yer coon, or bust de gun. (*Levels gun in direction L. U. E. and fires.*)

Enter Uncle Dan, from hut.

Dan. Hi dar, you young taryer! What you doin' wid dat artil'ry, 'sturbin de whole community round yer?

Cato. See dat coon up dar? Goramity, pop, he's powerful big; mos' as big as de ole yaller mule.

Dan. I done tole yer fo'teen million times dat I don't desire to heah no perfanity. Folks tink you some low wite trash, widout no brungin' up. You heah me? (*Cuffs Cato and then looks up, L. U. E.*) I hope I may die dead, if dat ain't de goramightiest mons'ous coon dis nigger eber seed. Whar's dem specs? (*Turning to Cato.*) Don' you 'splode no mo' powder, youngster. De ole man'll fotch 'em, suah nuff.

Exit into hut.

Cato. Dat ole fool tinks he can shoot. (*Puts a double charge into the gun.*) He'll tink de yaller mule kick him in de jaw dis time, suah. Yah! Yah! Golly, won't it be fun to see de ole nigger 'clipsin' de sun wid dem big feet. Yah? Yah! Rader be de coon dan de ole man, when dis yer ting 'splodes.

Re-enter Dan.

Dan. Gimme dat blunderbuss—gimme dat, gimme dat now. (*Takes the gun.*) Whar de caps?

Cato. Here's de cap. Golly, what a roast he'll make. Hit him in de head, pop.

Dan. Now I'll show you how to knock him down skientific like. Dar's a heap ob skience 'bout shooting a gun, Cato, and de ole man jes on'stans all de conflummifications ob de art. (*Aiming.*) Keep yo' eye peeled, now. Heah comes dat coon. (*Fires and falls backward.*)

Cato. Yah! Yah! And dar goes de ole moke! De conskimikashuns ob de art hit him in de jaw, suah nuff.

Runs off L. U. E.

LOYAL HEARTS.

Enter JUDGE LAMAR and HELEN from house, L.

Lamar. Why, Uncle Dan, what is the matter? Nobody killed, is there?

Dan. (*Groaning.*) Oh, massa!

Lamar. What, are you hurt? (*Goes up to DAN, who is stretched upon the ground.*)

Dan. (*Rising with difficulty, as if in great pain.*) Dat's what I'se trying to 'lucidate. Dis yer nigger thought he was gone to his long home and Aberham's bosom. 'Pears like sumfin drapped kinder sudden round heah jis den, an' ole Dan was in de way.

Helen. Are you hurt very badly, Uncle Dan? Let me help you. (*Steps forward.*)

Dan. No, no. Bress you heart, Mis' Helen, I'se jes a little disgruntled, dat's all. Dat yer little imp, Cato, been playin' jokes on his ole daddy, but I'll joke him by de wool when I coteh him. If dis foot eber reach him, he's a gone nigger. *Exit into hut.*

Lam. You pay too much attention to the troubles of these people, Miss Marsh. It doesn't do them any good, and before long they will be coming to you about everything, and so become a source of infinite annoyance.

Hel. You know our views differ regarding the colored people, Judge Lamar. I never see them, even in their happy moments, without feeling the tears rise to my eyes. But we won't talk about that now, for I have something to tell you.

Lam. Nothing unpleasant, I hope?

Hel. Yes, it is for me.

Judge. Ah!

Hel. I have been with your family as governess for a long time, and feel much attached to all at Fairview. Mildred I love as a sister, and you have been like a father to me. But—(*hesitates.*)

Lam. (*Kindly.*) But nothing has happened to change all this, I hope?

Hel. There is no change in my feelings, and I trust our relations are the same. But I must leave Fairview, and at once.

Lam. You do not mean that the trouble between your people of the North and our people here in the South will induce you to leave us?

Hel. Yes, that is the reason, but do not misunderstand me.

Enter MILDRED from house, L.

Mil. Helen did you say you were going away from Fairview? I think I caught those words as I came in. You surely do not mean it?

Hel. Yes, I was just explaining to your uncle that I feel it to be my duty to return to New England, for we can not tell how soon the storm of war may break upon us, nor how serious may be the result.

Lam. I assure you, my dear Miss Marsh, that the war, should it open, will not last long. The rights of the Southern States will be triumphantly vindicated by their chivalrous sons very quickly; and the North will gladly make peace with the Southern Confederacy.

Mil. Yes, uncle is right. The war will not last long, for who can oppose the soldiers of the South in battle. The North will not attempt to do so. Then all will be quiet again, and you can stay here with us just as if nothing had happened.

Hel. I think you are over confident. I know the firm determination of our New Englanders, too well. Should my cousin join the army, and I know he will be among the first, there would be no one to stay with aunt unless I go to her. I must go.

Lam. I understand your feelings, my dear girl, and I can not say that you are not right. If you must go, God bless and preserve you.

Hel. Believe me, I shall never forget the many happy days I have spent at Fairview, and shall ever cherish the hope that we may meet again. Mildred, I have much to say to you before we part. Let us go into the house.

Exeunt into house L.

Enter CALVERT R. 2 E.

Cal. 'Mornin' Judge. Taking a constitutional, as it were?

Lam. Well, yes. I rather enjoy the fresh air these fine mornings. Any news to communicate since our last discussion?

Cal. Nothing very definite, but it is still possible that the breach may be healed, if temperate counsels prevail.

Lam. Calvert, you are wrong. The interference of the North in the domestic affairs of the Southern States has been too flagrant, and if allowed to continue, will destroy our prosperity. This man, Lincoln, intends to deprive us of our property, and you know as well as I, that the two races cannot exist here on equal terms. I tell you, Virginia must follow South Carolina and withdraw from the Union.

Cal. As a member of the Convention which meets two days from now, I shall oppose secession with my voice and vote. It is a step that will bring upon us the horror and desolation of war. There is no justification for it. I hold that the North has assailed none of our rights. The South has had control of the Government up to the present time, and has no cause for complaint.

Lam. One would believe you to be a Yankee, Calvert, from your talk. You are no true Southerner.

Cal. Hold, Judge Lamar! I am as true a Southerner, and perhaps more a friend to the interests of the South than you, with all your hot-headed notions of chivalry. I am the firm friend and lover of our beautiful country, and I speak plainly for her good, for your interest, for mine and for every man's.

Lam. Calvert, you may be honest, but you are a fool if you do not vote with me for secession.

Cal. Vote as you please, but I tell you posterity shall hold you responsible for the desolating ruin and suffering that will inevitably follow such an act. It is the height of madness, folly and wickedness.

Lam. I have no patience with you, but I don't want to quarrel with my old friend. So, say no more. Ah, here is Harley, just the man I want.

Enter HARLEY, whip in hand, R. 2 E. Music.

Har. (To *Lam.*, obsequiously.) Good morning, sir. I trust you are well.

Lam. (Coldly.) Good morning.

Har. (To *Cal.*, surlily.) 'Mornin'.

Cal. (Shortly.) How do you do? (Aside.) I don't like that fellow's looks. He's just fit for a slave driver.

Exit in house L.

Lam. Harley, where are the niggers?

Har. In the quarters, sir.

Lam. Tell them Miss Marsh is about to leave us, and let them come up on the lawn for a little while. Perhaps she would like to see that they enjoy their life very well, if they are slaves.

Exit into house.

Har. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) Some of 'em enjoy this. (*Cracking whip.*)

Enter DAN from hut.

Har. (*Roughly.*) Here you, Dan, come here!

Dan. (*Humbly.*) Yes, massa. (*Comes up.*)

Har. The Judge wants all you niggers to come up on the lawn—wants 'em right off, d'ye understand? Now shake your lazy bones and let 'em know. Be quick about it, or I'll give you a dressing that will last you till Christmas.

Dan. Yes, massa, I'll foteh 'em right up.

Har. Get out, then. (*Snaps whip at him.*)

Exit DAN, L. U. E.

I owe that old scoundrel one, and I'll pay it before the day is out, or else there is no virtue in a blacksnake. I'll take the hypocritical meekness and humility out of him, if I have to take it out of his hide. Twice he has interfered when I had things all fixed for proposing to the Judge's niece. Dropped in by accident, he said. He lied. He knew he was put up to it by that Yankee schoolnarm, who hates me worse than poison. But they shan't foil me. I've set my heart on Mildred Buford, and I'll have her in spite of fate!

Exit R. 2 E.

Enter DAN, CATO and darkies, L. U. E.

Dan. Now look heah, chillen. Dis heah is de las' time you'll hab to see Mis' Helen. She's gwine up Norf, and won't come back no mo'. I'se heer'd de ole massa talkin' 'bout dar gwine to be a heap ob trubble 'tween de Norf and de Souf, and mebbe dar'll be shootin' fore dey's done; an' dat's de reason Mis' Helen done got to go away f'rm Fairview.

Some of the darkies begin to cry.

Now shut up dat takin' on. Dar ain't no use aetin' foolish 'bout it, and 'pearin' solemcolly fore de missus. Mebbe dey won't be no fuss in ole Virginny, but I'se arribed at de confusion dat de cullud folks gwine to see libely times fore long, you heah me.

Re-enter HARLEY, R. 2 E.

Har. What's that, you black rascal? What do you know about it?

Dan. Nuffin, Massa Harley. I'se only jes' tellin'—

Har. (*Interrupting.*) Never mind about telling anything, unless you want a taste of this. (*Taps whip significantly.*) Look alive now, and start the fun.

Exit HARLEY, L. U. E.

Plantation business, songs, dances, banjo bus., walk around, etc., varied to suit the capabilities of the performers. When it commences, HELEN and MILDRED enter from house and sit on steps.

Dan. (*At close.*) Now, you niggers, 'have yourselves, and gird up your lines and lissen, for I'se gwine to say somfin fo' yer. (*To Helen.*) Mis' Helen, dey say you's gwine away from here right soon.

Hel. Yes, Uncle Dan, I am going home.

Dan. (*To darkies, who begin crying.*) Hush you brack trash, an' don't shame de missus. (*To Helen.*) You's bin good to us, Mis' Helen, and it makes de darkies feel pow'ful bad to see you go. It does indeed.

Chorus of darkies. 'Deed it does—'deed it does.

Dan. (*To darkies.*) Hole yer tongue, or I'll pulverize yer, I will, suah. (*To Helen.*) Dere's nobody left to say a kind word to de poor ole slave, but we'll nebber forget de sweet face, an if de darkies' prayers is any 'count up yonder, de good Lord'll watch ober and preserbe you, Mis' Helen, for ebber and ebber, amen.

Other darkies. 'Deed he will, missus.

Dan. Shut up. Be quiet now, for she's gwine to say somfin.

Hel. Thank you, Uncle Dan, and thank you all. I, too, will not forget to pray that you may be happier some day, poor slaves. And now good bye, and Heaven bless you all.

Exeunt DAN and negroes, L. U. E.

MILDRED and HELEN come on stage.

Mil. They appear much attached to you, Helen, and I really believe they have some feeling. But then you know you have always noticed them a great deal, and taught some of the children to read. I wouldn't take the trouble.

Hel. We have been brought up to think differently, Mildred. I believe I have merely done my duty to fellow creatures in misfortune.

Mil. Misfortune! They are better off than half the poor whites. They ought to be grateful to us for keeping them in comfort and relieving them of all care and trouble.

Hel. But they are slaves, Mildred, and what greater misfortune could befall them! However, that is not for us to discuss at this time. I must write a letter to aunt and tell her I am coming.

Mil. Very well. I will sit out here and read while you are writing. (*Sits at table R. and begins reading.*)

Enter HARLEY, L. U. E. Music.

Har. I must speak to her now, for I may not have another chance. There sits the only woman whose smiles I care to see; and yet I am afraid to look into her face lest I drive them away. But I must have an answer this day, yes or no. (*Advances.*) Good morning, Miss Buford.

Mil. (*Looking up.*) Ah, is that you, Mr. Harley? Good morning.

Har. I am not disturbing your reading?

Mil. Oh no, not at all.

Har. May I ask what you are reading?

Mil. Only a novel.

Har. Full of love and trouble and a happy ending, I suppose?

Mil. Yes, they are all like that, I believe.

Har. Miss Buford, I have been reading a book like that for months. It is full of love, of passion, doubt and uncertainty. The last chapter alone remains, and I do not know whether the end will be happiness or misery. I fear to turn the leaves.

Mil. (*Looking up in surprise.*) You seem to take much interest in your reading. Pray what is the book? But never mind—it is nothing to me.

Har. (*Coming nearer.*) Yet you may read it, if you will. That book is my heart. It's pages contain but one word—your name. Mildred, I love you as man never loved woman before.

Mil. (*Rising haughtily.*) Sir, I do not understand this.

Har. You must, you shall hear me. I have come to tell you this, and I must know my answer. I offer you my hand and all I have; my heart is yours already. Shall the end of my life's romance be a happy one, or shall I close the book in despair and hopeless misery?

Mil. This is insolence, sir. You forget what you are and who I am.

Har. Yes, I have forgotten all, except that I love you.

Mil. I have not so far forgotten myself as to bestow a thought on such as you. Oblige me by returning to your gentlemanly occupation of cracking that whip over the field hands. Go sir, and never dare to address me again.

Har. (*Changing his manner.*) You scorn me! You are too proud to even look upon me, are you? Because I occupy the position of an overseer, am I any less a man than the useless, lazy coxcombs who talk soft nonsense in your drawing-room? You taunt me, sneer at me, but take care that the time does not come when you will be glad to have Dick Harley for your friend. (*She turns away disdainfully.*) You turn away from me in disdain, but you *shall* listen to me. I have told you that I love you. I meant it. I have thrown myself at your feet, but you spurn me as you would one of your slaves, and treat my love with contempt.

Mil. (*Aside.*) How long is this infliction to last?

Har. You spurn me, I say. Perhaps you would prefer some soft-headed dandy that calls himself a gentleman because he never had to work, thanks to his father's money.

Mil. (*Turning.*) Are you never going to stop?

Har. I shall not stop. I have waited for this time too long. Oh, curl your pretty lips all you please; it only makes you look handsomer and tempts me the more. I say you shall not cast my love aside for any white-faced parlor knight. And what's more, I'm not to be balked by a woman's whims. (*She turns her back to him.*) Will you listen to me, girl? I love you and I must have your consent.

Mil. (*Facing him.*) You call yourself a man and offer such insults as these to a woman. I was scarcely aware that you existed before, but your very insolence and the intolerable hatefulness of your presence have forced you upon my notice. I have listened to you because I could not find words to express my utter contempt for you and your brutish love. I despise you, not because you are an overseer, for a brave and honest man might be in that position. 'Tis not the occupation that degrades the man, but such men as you that make the occupation hateful, and lower than the slave who cowers beneath your brutal lash. Your admiration is an insult that brings the blush of indignation to a woman's face. Your friendship would be a disgrace and your enmity beneath notice, for your threats prove you to be a coward!

Har. (*Bursting with rage.*) By heavens, my lady——

Mil. (*Interrupting.*) Another word, sir, and you shall be whipped off the place by the negroes. Stand aside! (*HARLEY steps back.*)

Exit MIL. into house, L.

Har. (L. *Looking toward house and shaking his fist.*) So, she never noticed me before, eh? I am hateful and a coward, my love an insult! Curse her pride! She'll sing another tune some day for this. No woman can treat Dick Harley like a dog, refuse his love and forget it as a matter of no consequence. My fine lady would have me whipped by the niggers, eh? Curse 'em, I'd like to get hold of one now and ease my mind a bit. (*Crosses to R.*)

Enter DAN, L. U. E.

Har. (*Advancing towards him.*) What are you doing here, you black scoundrel?

Dan. Nuffin' 'tall, Mas' Harley—jes goin' to de house to tote some things for Mis' Helen.

Har. You lie, you snivelling old hypocrite. Come here!

Dan. (*Approaching in fear.*) Fore de Lord, I'se tellin' what's de fac'.

Har. You've been prowling around watching me, curse your hide. That Yankee schoolmarm's been putting you up to it, and this isn't the first time, either. I'll teach you to play the spy. (*Strikes DAN with whip.*) How does that feel?

Dan. (*Falling on his knees.*) Don't Mas' Harley. I neber been watchin' nobody. Dese po' old eyes ain't much used to spyin', and Mis' Helen wouldn't ax nobody to do anything low down like dat.

Har. Both of you are low down enough for anything, with all your pious preaching and canting humility. I'll just take some of that nonsense out of you, anyway. (*Strikes DAN several blows.*) Why don't you howl, curse you? *Music, continuing 'till fall of curtain.*

Dan. May de Lord forgib him, as de ole slave does.

Har. Some more of your hypocrisy. I'll see what you are made of, you black Judas. (*Knocks him down and raises butt of whip over his head.*)

Enter HELEN from house.

Helen. (*Springing forward.*) You coward! (*HARLEY starts back—DAN rises to his knees and seizes HELEN's hand. TABLEAU.*)

Light fires, draw flats and show.

TABLEAU, "THE DREAM OF LIBERTY."

Slow curtain.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I. *Sitting room in Mrs. Bushnell's house; obl fashioned pictures on walls; table, R. C., chairs, etc. 2d grooves.*

Discover MELISSA, dusting.

Melissa. Where is that lazy, good-for-nothing Caleb, I wonder? He's enough to try the patience of a saint. I declare to goodness, I never saw his match in all my born days. Here Mrs. Bushnell has been waiting for over an hour for the mail, and no sign of the creature yet. Well, I'm truly thankful I'm not in her place. If I were, I'd make him walk a chalk line, or I'd know the reason why. The Lord deliver me from such a shiftless, no-account man.

Enter CALEB DOW, R. D. in F.

Well, here you are at last. (*Contemptuously.*) Aint you tired? Do sit down, you poor, overworked creature.

Caleb. Yes, I am tired. I—I am not well. I feel awful bad, M'liss, as sure as butter is grass.

Mel. Aint you ashamed of yourself? Tell the truth and shame your master. Aint you ashamed? Come now?

Cal. Ashamed! Why, what should I feel ashamed of?

Mel. (*Angrily.*) That's it—that's it. There's no shame in you. You're as thick skinned as a hipponoceras, and you have no more sense than a yearling heifer. Did you bring a letter?

Cal. See here, M'liss, just drop that hifalutin style o' yourn, and come down to straight, matter of fact business. You warn't cut out for a high-strung dame, no how you can fix it. Now what in all creation, is a hipponoceras?

Mel. I'll hipponoceras you, if you don't answer me. Did you get a letter?

Cal. (*Grinning.*) Wall, as to that, I calkerlate I did, and it's from Helen Marsh, as sure as preachin'.

Mel. Give it to me.

Cal. Give it to you? Aint you puttin' on more airs than the law allows? I'll give it to Mrs. Bushnell, that's what I'll do, Miss Melissy Jane Barnes.

Mel. Caleb Dow, you deserve a walloping, and a ducking in the frog pond, to boot, for your contrariness. Give me that letter!

Cal. And if I do, will you give me— will you—

Mel. Well, out with it.

Cal. (*Advancing.*) Will you give me— a smack?

Mel. Hey! (*Then changing her manner, as if struck by a sudden thought.*) Law sakes alive, what impudence! The idea! (*Demurely.*) Well, Caleb, mebbe I will.

Cal. (*Hands letter.*) Now let's have it, good and loud. (*Leans forward and gets his ears boxed.*)

Mel. There's a smack for you. Is it loud enough? Now get you gone.

Mrs. Bushnell. (*Outside.*) Melissa! are you there?

Mel. Yes ma'am. (*To Caleb.*) Now clear out; make yourself scarce.

Cal. (*Retreating.*) All right, Miss smartness. I'll settle with you after a while, see if I don't.

Mel. And I'll settle you now, if you don't go.

Exit CAL. R. D. F.

Enter MRS. BUSHNELL, L. 2 E.

Mrs. B. Melissa, was that Caleb, who just left you?

Mel. Yes, ma'am, and here's a letter—the one you were expecting, I guess. (*Hands letter.*)

Mrs. B. (*Taking it.*) Yes, it's from Helen, and is postmarked, "Fairview, Virginia." (*Opens and reads.*) She is coming home, is even now on her way. This is good news, indeed!

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, R. 2 E.

John. (*Coming down c.*) What's the good news, mother?

Mrs. B. Your cousin, Helen Marsh, is coming home. She writes that troublous times are threatened, and that sectional feeling is so strong there, she dare not remain longer.

John. Yes, there will be war between the North and South. It is inevitable. Every day I expect to hear that those hot-heads in South Carolina have taken the initiative. So she is coming. That is good news, surely.

Mel. Please ma'am, shall I tell Caleb to stay and help me with the churning?

Mrs. B. Yes.

Exit MELISSA, L. D. F.

Mrs. B. The dear girl! How I long to see her. It seems an age since she left us, and yet it is only three years.

John. And I long to see her, too. (*Earnestly.*) Mother, you must have guessed my secret; you must have seen what I have but feebly tried to conceal. At any rate, now that she will soon be here, I will no longer remain silent. I love her, mother—I have loved her ever since she was a child. When we were playmates together, I felt for her an affection far beyond my years. It has strengthened with the lapse of time, and now I know that the earth holds no treasure, sweeter or more precious to me, than the love of Helen Marsh.

Mrs. B. John, my dear son, I have suspected this, and it has not given me pain. It was the dearest wish of her mother, before she died, that Helen should one day become your wife. Nothing, indeed, would please me more than such a consummation. But, are you certain that she loves you in return! How do you know that she has not bestowed her heart upon another? It is a long time since you last saw her, and she has met with many men—some of them young and fascinating, doubtless—during that period. Do you think she has remembered you, in the way you desire, all these years?

John. I do not know, of course; but yet in my inmost soul, I believe she has neither forgotten my feelings towards her, nor changed in the regard she was wont to show me. No, mother, I would stake my life on her fealty. When did she leave Fairview?

Mrs. B. (*Looking at letter.*) On Wednesday.

John. And this is Saturday. Mother, she will arrive—to-day!

Mrs. B. So she will, if nothing happens. I had not thought of that before.

Enter SILAS WINSLOW, R. D. F.

Silas. (*Speaking in a slow, drawling style.*) Mis' Bushnell!

Mrs. B. (*Turning.*) Ah, is that you, Silas. What is it.

Sil. Air you expectin' anybody?

John. (*Eagerly.*) Yes.

Sil. And you want to see 'em mighty bad, so to speak?

John. Yes—yes.

Sil. Wall, I thought yer did, from yer actions. So I allowed.

John. What news have you for us, Uncle Silas? Don't keep us in suspense.

Sil. H'm. Wall, as I was passin' by, I thought yer might be in a pucker about it, not calkerlatin—

John. Uncle Si, do come to the point, won't you?

Sil. Wall, you air pesky anxious, and that's a fact. There was a time—

Mrs. B. (*Interrupting.*) Never mind that story, now, Silas, but tell us what you know, and at once.

Sil. You allus was an impatient sort of a critter, Melindy, and there ain't no sort o' use in beating around the bush with you. So I allus allowed.

John. Uncle Silas, do tell us what you know without more ado, won't you?

Sil. Moore Adoo! Who was he, John?

John. (*Wrathfully.*) He had a fool for an uncle.

Mrs. B. (*Reprovingly.*) My son!

Sil. Let him alone, Melindy; he don't mean any harm. I know what he's put out about—it's as plain as the nose on your face. Now I'll tell you what I drapped in for. As I was sayin', you was expectin' somebody—

John. (*Interrupting.*) Yes.

Sil. And as somebody was expectin' as how you would not be expectin'—(*suddenly*)—John, I want to tell you before I forgit it. 'That sorrel mare o' yourn has got the glanders, or I'm a sinner.

Enter HELEN MARSH, R. D. F.—Music.

John. Hang the mare! Somebody was expecting—

Helen. (*Coming forward.*) Expecting a somewhat different reception. Is that what you mean?

Mrs. B. (*Rushing forward.*) Helen!

Hel. My dear aunt? (*They embrace.*) Cousin John, how do you do? I am real glad to see you. (*Offers hand—John takes it shyly.*)

John. And I—I am—

Hel. I know. (*Gives him a kiss.*) There, now!

Mrs. B. We were not expecting you so soon. John would have been at the depot, had we known of your coming.

Hel. So I took you by surprise, eh? I didn't intend to do that, for I met Uncle Silas on the way, and asked him to run on ahead and let you know of my coming.

John. And not a word did he tell us.

Sil. All because you would keep interruptin' me. But it's all right now, ain't it, John?

John. Yes, I forgive you.

Sil. (*At R. D. F.*) I'll give 'em a chance, or I'm a sinner.

Exit R. D. F.

Helen in the meantime, has, assisted by Mrs. Bushnell, taken off her wraps.

Hel. Oh, before I tell you anything, or answer a single question, I want to ask you, Have you heard the news?

Mrs. B. No, we have heard nothing out of the way, lately. What do you refer to?

Hel. The war! I heard about it, coming on the train. Fort Sumter has been fired on, and President Lincoln has called for 75,000 volunteers.

John. (*Excitedly.*) Is this true?

Hel. Yes. It is now in everybody's mouth.

John. I expected it, but hardly so soon. Mother, I have a duty to perform. I must go.

Mrs. B. Go, my son. You do not mean——

John. (*Interrupting.*) Yes. The Union is in danger, and strong arms and loyal hearts are required in its defence. I am young, strong, and I love the old flag with a reverence and devotion that permeates every fibre of my being. You know how strong and dear to me are the ties of home and kindred; but now there is an instinct, a power that impels me to forsake them all. You must understand this feeling, mother; you must feel with me, that in a crisis like the present, a man must either be a patriot or a traitor! The President has asked for my assistance, and I must go.

Mrs. B. And leave us now? It is hard, very hard, but—you are right, my son. I shall not attempt to dissuade you. Your father died fighting under the Star Spangled Banner, and though it wrings my heart to say it, I would rather see you dead, than disgrace his memory.

Hel. As you say, aunt, he is right. You need his support, his assistance and his love. I, too, had pictured many happy hours in his society, and I—I——(*Her voice falters.*)

John. Helen, I want to ask you a question. This is a supreme moment in my existence, and if I thought, if I only dared to hope——

Hel. Well?

John. (*Seizing her hand.*) If I thought you loved me, I could go forth to battle without a care upon my soul. With your love as a guerdon, I could brave any danger; I could undergo any privation uncomplainingly. Your love would have a potency that even death itself could not impair.

Hel. And I do love you, John. I have always loved you.

John. Bless you for those words.

Mrs. B. My dear children! May heaven watch over and protect you both.

Scene changes to

SCENE 2. *Street. 1st grooves.*

Enter SILAS WINSLOW, L. 1 E.

Sil. I'm going to do it. I'm too old, the young ones say, but I know better. 'Pears to me these youngsters will want an old man or two

along with 'em, to teach 'em sense. What do they know about shootin' and military tactics? Not enough to last 'em over night, or I'm a sinner. There was a time, in the Mexican war, when there wasn't a man in the whol' regiment that knew as much about soldierin' as Si Winslow, and I do allow I hain't forgot all I knew, by a darned sight.

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, L. 1 E.

Hullo, John, where air you pointin' to?

John. I am going to the recruiting office.

Sil. To enlist?

John. Yes, to enlist. By the way, who will stay at home and look after the women folks?

Sil. That's a hard question, John. All the youngsters air goin', as nigh as I can figger, 'cept Oscar Girard.

John. Oscar Girard? Why, he can go as well as not. It isn't possible that he has shown the white feather?

Sil. Wall, I don't know. Only he says he won't go, and you can't budge him an inch. There was a time——

John. (*Interrupting.*) Never mind about it, now, Uncle Si. I wonder what has come over Oscar? He avoids me lately, and yet I have done nothing to incur his dislike or ill-will. He used to be one of the most promising young men in town. I always liked him, for he had a good heart and generous instincts. But he has changed greatly and for the worse.

Sil. Something wrong in the upper story, I calkerlate. But I have an idee what has changed him, what has made him so reckless and good-for-nothing, or I'm a sinner.

John. What is your opinion?

Sil. Some gal has given him the mitten. That's where the shoe pinches.

John. You may be right; I know nothing about it. But I must be going. Poor Oscar! What a pity he has turned out so!

Sil. Yaas, I seen him last night as tight as a biled owl. I allow he's pretty much played out.

John. Well, I must hasten. (*Starts.*)

Sil. I'll go with you. I've got business at the recruiting office, too, or I'm a sinner.

Exeunt R. 1 E.

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, L. 1 E. Music.

Oscar. There he goes—the man who has won what I have lost. She threw me over for him. But for John Bushnell, to-day Helen Marsh would be my affianced wife; perhaps my wife in fact. He knew I thought the world of her—he must have known it—yet what did he do? Step out of the ring like a man, and leave the track clear for me? No. He deliberately went to work and undermined my position—cut me out. That was three years ago. I have gone through a great deal in that time. (*Sarcastically.*) I have fallen from my high estate, they tell me. To-day John Bushnell walks with his head in the air, and Helen Marsh is engaged to him. To-day I am a worthless, drunken vagabond, shunned and despised by those who used to call themselves my friends. (*Fiercely.*) But I'll be even with him! The time will come, and the devil speed the day, when I can pay him back with interest. He's

going to enlist and fight for the Union. So won't I. What, espouse the same cause he fights for? Never! Wittingly, or unwittingly, he has ruined my life, and he shall suffer for it. And yet, while I hate him, how I love her! How I always shall love her! Why I could die for her willingly—I could die for her!

Exit R. 1 E.

SCENE 3. *Street. 4th grooves. Recruiting office, R. 3 E. Soldier on guard. Fife and drum playing in front.*

Enter CAPT. ARMSTRONG and JOHN BUSHNELL, uniformed, from office.

Capt. John, you are one of us, now, and I am glad of it. If you want a lieutenancy, I think I can arrange it.

John. No, thank you. I shall win my spurs before I wear them.

Capt. Nonsense. You are intelligent, well read, have a fine military bearing, and will fill the bill to a nicety.

John. You flatter me; but I have made up my mind. I shall go in as a private soldier.

Capt. All right, suit yourself. You'll mount the ladder, though, mark my words.

John. When do we start, Captain?

Capt. I don't know. We may receive orders to leave at any moment. The company is nearly full—only three more volunteers are wanted.

Enter SILAS WINSLOW and OSCAR GIRARD, L. U. E. OSCAR comes down L. C.

Sil. Here's one for you, or I'm a sinner.

Capt. What, Uncle Si, you don't mean that *you* want to enlist?

Sil. That's the size of it. I fought under the old flag once, and I want to do it again. In fact, Squire, I am constitutionally and teetotashusly opposed to stayin' at home when there's fightin' to be done. And now that the Union is in danger, and volunteers are wanted, by the limping Jehosaphat, I'm not going to be counted out. Them's my sentiments, or I'm a sinner.

Capt. But you are too old.

Sil. No, I ain't. I am as strong and active as a young kitten, and I know I can pass muster. So you jest nat'rally swear me in, or there'll be trouble.

Capt. Well, I don't know——

Sil. Wall, I know, and there's an end on't. So you come along with me. *(Takes Capt. by the arm and marches him into the office.)*

John. *(To Oscar.)* Are you going to remain behind, Oscar?

Os. *(Sullenly.)* What's that to you?

John. *(Quietly.)* Nothing, I heard so, that's all.

Os. *(Roughly.)* Well, I'd thank you to mind your own business.

John. *(Gently.)* What's the matter, Oscar? What have I done to offend you. You are as rough and surly as a bear.

Os. *(Passionately.)* What have you done? Ha! Ha! *(Laughs wildly.)* That's good. That was excellently said. What have you not done? You know as well as I.

John. *(Calmly.)* I don't understand you at all. Have I ever wronged you in word or deed? If so, I am unconscious of the fact.

Os. (Fiercely.) Look here, John Bushnell, equivocation won't do. Don't play the hypocrite, and above all don't rouse the devil that's in me. I've tried to forget what I owe to your duplicity; I've tried to forget that you ever stepped between us; that you, with your soft speeches and cunning wiles, estranged the only woman I ever loved.

John. (Warmly.) Great heavens, Oscar! I never dreamed that you had bestowed a thought on her. Your mind is distraught—you know not what you are saying. I am entirely blameless, believe me.

Os. I do not believe you. If you say you never thought I cared for her, that you never suspected that I desired to win her, then you lie!

John. What!

Os. (Furiously.) You lie, coward that you are!

John. (Impetuously.) That is more than I can tamely submit to. Recall your words, Oscar Girard, or, by heaven, I will teach you the lesson you deserve.

Os. (Sneeringly.) Will you? Then I will give you (*suddenly*) a taste of this! (*Draws knife. Music.*)

John. Oscar Girard, what do you mean?

Os. I mean that I have nothing worth living for. I mean that the end might as well come now as ever. (*Advances.*)

Enter HELEN, L. U. E.

Hel. (Shrieks.) Oscar! Oscar! What would you do?

Os. (Lowers knife.) Helen! Here! My God!

Hel. John, what has happened? You have had no quarrel!

John. I am almost as much in the dark as you are. Mr. Girard's imagination has conjured up improbable shapes, that is all.

Hel. (Going to Oscar.) Oscar, I don't understand anything about this matter, and I will not ask for an explanation now. If you ever cared for me put up that knife and go away.

Os. (With emotion.) Care for you? If you only knew—if you only knew!

Hel. Then act sensibly. You are capable of better things. When I remember what you once was, my heart is filled with sorrow. Do try and make a man of yourself. Try, for my sake.

Os. For your sake? Yes, for your sake, I will spare him now. But let him look out hereafter.

Exit L. 2 E.

John. You should not have wasted so much time there, Helen. He isn't worth it. Why, he had the audacity to assert that if it had not been for me you would have married him.

Hel. Poor fellow! He was in love with me, though I never gave him any encouragement. I am really sorry for him.

John. I do not wonder at his falling in love with you. That is easily accounted for.

Hel. John, don't flatter.

John. I never flatter when I speak the truth.

Exeunt R. 2 E.

(*The drum and fife begin playing and SERGEANT JONES comes out of office.*)

Serg. Right this way, gentlemen. Here's your only chance. Only two men wanted to complete the quota. Who will be the first to speak?

Enter MELISSA, dragging CALEB, L. U. E.

Cal. (Drawing back.) I tell you I won't, and there's an end on it. I won't, I won't, I won't.

Mel. (Holding him.) And I say you will, you will, you will.

Enter SILAS WINSLOW, uniformed, from office.

Sil. That's right, Melissa. Make him toe the mark; hold him right down to it.

Serg. (In front of office R.) Right this way, Mr. Dow.

Cal. (Struggling with Melissa.) No, you don't. I tell you, I won't enlist.

Mel. (Severely.) And I say you will. Sakes alive, what are you good for?

Cal. Wall, then, if I'm good-for-nothing, I won't make a good soldier.

Sil. Wrong, young man. It's jist because you ain't fit for anything else that you'll make a first-class fighting man, or I'm a sinner.

Mel. There, now, what did I tell you?

Cal. I—I—I don't want to. I—I am afraid.

Mel. (Contemptuously.) Afraid, you white-livered sneak! I always knew you was no great shakes, no how, but I did think you might spunk up a little courage in a time like this.

Cal. (Whining.) You are too hard on me, M'liss; you are, as sure as you are born. I am afraid because I ain't well, and—and—I know I couldn't stand it.

Sil. Couldn't stand it! You git out. Why, you are a full grown able-bodied youngster, and there's nothing the matter with you under the sun, or I'm a sinner.

Serg. Come out here, and let's have a good square look at you.

MELISSA pushes CALEB forward.

Sil. (Examining him.) He's as sound as a nut.

Cal. (Despairingly.) I ain't. I've got the palpitation of the heart.

Mel. Palpitation fiddlesticks! You are frightened out of your wits; that's what ails you.

Serg. But that won't make any difference. Military service, you know, is considered a sure cure for this disease.

Sil. (Punching Caleb.) How does that stick in your gizzard, young'un?

Cal. Desperately. You can't have me. I've got the—the——

Sil. The what? Spit it right out, and you'll feel easier.

Cal. I've got the dandruff? *(All burst out laughing.)*

Serg. I'm glad to hear it. I'd kick a man out of the company that didn't have it.

Cal. Wall, if you want to know then, I've got—the itch! *(SERGEANT and SILAS take their hands off him and move away.)*

Mel. Don't you believe him. He has been cured of it for three months to my certain knowledge.

Sil. I'm tickled, or I'm a sinner.

Serg. So an I, and you'd better believe it.

Mel. Caleb Dow, I'll give you one more chance. You are an ordinary creature, if the truth is stretched. You ain't worth your weight in turnips, but if you'll march in there *(pointing to office)* and join the company, I'll marry you when you come back.

Cal. (Eagerly.) Will you, honestly?

Mel. Yes, I will.

Cal. Then I'll do it. Here, Sergeant, enlist me quick, or you'll lose your chance.

Serg. All right. Come with me. (*Marches Caleb into office.*)

Sil. Hooray for you, Melissy!

Mel. (*Crossly.*) Don't speak to me. (*SILAS persists in talking to her and they go up to L. U. E. conversing inaudibly.*)

Enter CAPT. ARMSTRONG, R. U. E.

Capt. (R. C.) Sergeant Jones!

Enter SERGEANT from office. He salutes.

Capt. In half an hour we must leave for Boston. I have just received marching orders,

Serg. Very well, Captain.

Exeunt CAPTAIN into office and SERGEANT L. U. E.

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, HELEN and MRS. BUSHNELL, R. 2 E. Music till close of JOHN'S last speech.

Mrs. B. The time has come, John. It is hard to part, but it is for the best, and God doeth all things well.

John. I shall be worthy of you, mother, I know I shall.

Hel. And I know it. You have enlisted in a glorious cause, and while you are gone, we shall both pray for your safety.

Mrs. B. John, one last word. Your father was a soldier, and died on the field of battle like a brave man and a christian. In the army you will form new associations, but I know you will never forget the duty you owe to yourself and your Maker. Take this Bible, my son, keep it near you, and always remember it's counsels. (*Gives.*)

John. (*Taking it.*) I will, mother, I will.

Hel. And, John, take this in remembrance of me. It's only a lock of hair, but it may serve to remind you occasionally of one whose every thought shall be of the man she loves. (*Gives.*)

John. (*Taking it.*) Bless you, Helen. (*Kissing it.*) This will be a priceless treasure.

Serg. (*Outside.*) Fall in! (*JOHN shakes hands again, etc., CALEB comes out of office in uniform, embraces MELISSA, and both [JOHN and CALEB] go out L. U. E. Company marches in L. U. E. Military business and tableau.*)

Draw flats and show

TABLEAU—"THE UNION FOREVER!"

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE 1. *Landscape, 1st grooves.*

Enter HARLEY, in plain citizen's clothes, R. 1 E.

Har. Well, here I am somewhere near that Yankee picket line, and if I don't move kinder careful, Dick Harley's chances for getting through alive ain't deuce high. They won't think I'm a Confederate officer in this dress. I'm not risking my neck for pure love of country. If that was all, I'd let some one else make a fool of himself. No. Mildred Buford said she despised me because I was a coward. Perhaps she might think differently, if I should succeed in some desperate undertaking like this. *(Stops and listens.)* I don't half like this sort of business. A man's liable to get shot without any warning. I must get into camp, though, at all hazards. *(Starts for L. 1 E. CALEB DOW appears from behind wing L. and cocks his gun. Music.)*

Cal. Say, stranger, 'spose you jest halt. The corporal says there ain't no admittance to this camp, 'cept on special business.

Har. *(Starting back.)* Hold on friend, don't shoot. I'm a Union man. I've just escaped from the rebs down yonder, and I must get inside your lines.

Cal. Sho, you don't tell! Wall now, that's pretty cur'us that I should come so mighty near a shootin' on ye by mistake. This gun's allfired ticklish on the trigger, and when I get a leetle nervous, jes' likes not she'll go off. Lucky you spoke.

Har. *Watching the gun and trying to get out of range.* Don't point it this way—look out. I want to talk to you awhile, so put it down, won't you?

Cal. I'd like to put it down for good, darn the thing. Here I am sittin' around in the dew, and gittin' the runytez wuss'n pisen, besides expectin' every minute some blained cuss'll come along and fire a gun at me.

Har. It must be rather rough. *(Takes out plug of tobacco.)* Have a chew? *(Aside.)* I'll get by this Yankee fool easy enough, and then I'm all right.

Cal. Well, I don't care if I do. *(HARLEY starts forward.)* You needn't mind about comin' any nearer. Jest stick the plug on that bag-gernet. *(HARLEY puts the tobacco on bayonet, CALEB draws it in, takes a bite and then hands it back the same way.)*

Har. You don't appear to like soldiering.

Cal. No, I'll be goldarned if I do. I'd rather be a crank to a saw-mill by a darned sight. Melissa Barnes made me enlist, and if I get killed, she'll wish she hadn't a done it. *(Sorrowfully.)* I feel sorter cut up about the way M'liss acted. She'd orter knowed I couldn't stand soldiering.

Har. I'm sorry for you, my friend, but I'm in a hurry. So good day. *(Attempts to pass. Cal. stops him with the musket.)*

Cal. I calkilate you'd better not tear yourself away. Wait for the Sergeant. He'll take ye right along to the house.

Har. (Aside.) Curse the Yankee mudsill. He talks like an idiot, but he's not such a fool after all. I'm in for it, now. *(To Cal.)* Never mind the Sergeant, my good fellow. I can prove that I'm all right. See, here's a paper, *(Takes paper from pocket,)* signed by one of the best Union men in this part of Virginia, saying that I'm a friend to the North. That's good enough proof, isn't it?

Cal. Let's take a squint at that air dockyment. Put it on the bag-gernet express again. *(HARLEY sticks paper on bayonet and CALEB draws it in, keeping an eye on HARLEY. CALEB holds gun under left arm with bayonet towards HARLEY and reads, evidently with difficulty.)*

Cal. You say this man is Union, hey?

Har. Of course he is. Had to run away from home, or the rebs would have hung him. *(Aside.)* I had the rope ready myself for the cursed abolitionist.

Cal. (Looking alarmed.) Lord sakes, you don't mean to say the rebs hang folks! How did he get away?

Har. Took to the woods. *(Impatiently.)* Is the paper all right?

Cal. Wall, I don't jest know. How old is this chap?

Har. How old? About 45, I reckon.

Cal. Got any folks in the deestrick?

Har. That's a mighty queer question. I think they are all up North.

Cal. (With interest.) Now you don't say. Mebbe I know 'em. There used to be a family named Brown over in Podunk on the Belltown turn-pike. P'raps they're related. Melissa's aunt's cousin married Seth Johnson, and I've hearn tell how Seth was a distant connection of Deacon Richards. The deacon lived on the old Watson farm, where the big red barn sets out clos't to the road with a blue rooster on top——

Har. (Interrupting with suppressed impatience.) Oh, never mind about that. We'll talk about Brown's folks some other time.

Cal. Oh, I ain't got nothin' else to do. You don't bother me a bit, and I kinder like to find somebody that's acquainted around home, gosh darn if I ain't. What sort of a complected man did you say Brown was? If he's sandy complected and has got the Brown mouth, sorter twisted to one side, like this *(makes a horrible face)*, I calkilate I know some of his folks.

Har. Yes, that's the man. You know 'him and all his relations? I'm right glad to meet an old friend among your people. We'll talk about Squeedunk to-night in camp.

Cal. Podunk, Podunk, not Squeedunk. Squeedunk's way down East in the woods. Squire Henry used to be Jedge down there and——

Har. Well, I must be going. *(Starts.)*

Cal. (Stopping him.) Wait and you'll have company. Here comes the relief.

Enter SERGEANT SI WINSLOW with four soldiers, R. 1 E.

Cal. Hello, Uncle Si, is that you?

Si. Is that the way you halt a man? I told you to stop everybody and demand the countersign, or I'm a sinner.

Cal. I'll be goldarned if I didn't forgit. But I 'sposed it was all right with you.

Si. Wall, remember next time, and don't you forget it. Anybody comes along, don't matter if it's the Gen'l himself, has got to trot

out the countersign 'fore he can pass. So I allow. (*Turns to HARLEY.*) Who's this critter?

Har. I've just escaped from a rebel foraging party down the road. I'm a Union man, and I want to be protected.

Si. 'Pears to me there's a tarnation lot of you critters jest escaped. Got any deadly weapons stowed away in your duds. (*Searches HARLEY and finds pistol.*) 'Cordin' to the articles of war sech fixin's as this air contraband. Now, stranger, jest git into line and walk up to the Captain's office. (*CALEB gives the countersign and order of the day to PRIVATE SLOAN.*)

Si. (*To Caleb.*) You're relieved. (*CALEB falls in. Military bus.*) Fall in! Forward march! (*Music.*)

Scene changes to

SCENE 2. *Union camp in the woods. 3d grooves. Soldiers lying down, JOHN BUSHNELL, SI WINSLOW and CALEB DOW among them.*

Enter CAPT. ARNOLD, officer of the day, R. 2 E.

Capt. Sergeant Winslow!

Si. (*Rises and salutes.*) Here, sir.

Capt. You brought a man in from the outposts. Where is he?

Si. Jest about so, I allow. We did sorter rake in a critter that was sneakin' about like a polecat round a hen roost. He's in the guard tent, musin' on the fortunes of war and a straw bed.

Capt. Bring him here, Sergeant.

Si. All right, Captain.

Exit L. 2. E.

CALEB in group of soldiers; CALEB serious, others laughing.

Cal. It is dangerous out on picket, and I'll be snunned if I think they orter send a fellow out alone. Some day a reb will come along and shoot somebody, and if it's me, Melissy Barnes will be tarnation sorry she ever pestered me into goin' to war.

John. But you musn't let the rebel shoot you.

Cal. Mebbe he wouldn't stop, if I asked him not to shoot; and then if I cut and run for home, they say I'd be shot by my own side. What can a fellow do? (*All laugh.*)

Enter WINSLOW and HARLEY, L. 2 E. WINSLOW salutes and steps back.

Capt. (*To HAR.*) Your name, sir.

Har. Robert Wilson. I live below Fairview, but the rebs have taken all my stock, and if I hadn't cleared out last night, they'd have made me enlist, or strung me up.

Capt. Do you want to go North?

Har. No sir. I want to stay inside your lines until the Confederate troops leave this part of the country, and then go back to my farm.

Capt. Do you know anything about the strength and movements of the rebel forces in front of us?

Har. Very little. I've taken mighty good care to keep as far away from them as possible. I might help you some, though.

Capt. Well, you will remain under guard until the Colonel can talk

to you. Sergeant, take this man back to the quarters. Treat him well but keep a guard over him.

Exit R. 2 E.

Si. All right, Captain. (*To HAR.*) Come along, Squire.

Exeunt L. 2 E.

Enter soldier with mail.

Sol. Here boys. News from home. (*All spring up and crowd around him and receive letters, then scatter about and read. CALEB gets letter and opens it; JOHN BUSHNELL ditto. JOHN goes out, R. 2 E.*)

Re-enter SI WINSLOW, L. 2 E.

Si. Hello, Caleb, got a letter from Melissy?

Cal. (*Coming down front.*) Git out, Uncle Si. (*Tries to conceal letter.*)

Si. Oh, trot it out, sonny. If there's any big bookshunary words, jes' let 'em drive full chisel at me, and I'll tackle em for ye. Mebbe I'm old and sorter shaky, but I've spelt down the doctor in the little red skule house, and I allow Melissy can't stagger me, or I'm a sinner.

Cal. Can't you let a feller alone, Uncle Si. I never see such a hectorin' critter as you be in all my life.

Si. Caleb, read that lovin' epistle, now do. You might not git another chance, if there happened to be a scrimmage. So I guess.

Cal. (*Alarmed.*) You don't think they're going to fight, do ye? Why can't they put it off till mornin'? I b'lieve I'm going to be sick. I feel awful bad in the stomach. I wish was ter home. (*Sits down L.*)

Si. Been eatin' too many beans, I guess. Caleb, I'm teetotally golswizzled if I don't calkilate on a rumpus with these air Johnny rebs. They're thicker round here than flies in a milk pan, or I'm a sinner.

Cal. (*Rising in alarm.*) You don't reely think so, Uncle Si?

Si. I swow I do. I've been and made my will on account on it. (*Motions to soldiers outside. Soldiers rush in quickly. Here they are now! (Music. CALEB throws himself on his face and yells.)*)

Cal. Don't kill me! I'm sick—I'm an orphan! (*Soldiers pick him up and carry him off kicking and yelling.*)

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, letter in hand. Lies in shadow of tree in L. 2 E., and begins to read the letter. Soldiers return, camp songs, etc.

Enter UNCLE DAN, R. 3 E.

Si. Uncle Dan, you've arrived on time. Gin us one of your old time songs. I low you know what I mean.

Dan. I neber was much ob a singer, Massa, and now I'se gettin' old and sorter par'lyzed in my liber. Ya! Ya!

Si. In your liver? Wall, if that ain't a new-fangled complaint, I'm a sinner.

Dan. No, massa, dat's whar you mistake. De liber am de movin' elyfant ob de constitution. When you 'buse de liber, de constitution gits rantankerous and dars trouble, now I tell yer.

Sol. That's all right, Do the best you can for us.

Dan. To please you den, I does what I kin. I'se an ole man, massa, and not long fo' dis world, but while I do stay heah, dars music nuff in yo' kind words to do fo' Uncle Dan. (*Sings.*)

Sol. (*At back among group.*) I say, boys, let's go out and have a game of quoits.

All. All right, come on.

Exeunt R. 3 E.

John. Dear mother? Her brave words of cheer make me feel stronger. And Helen, too! With such noble hearts at home to encourage us, we can dare and endure everything for our country. If I should falter in my duty, it would be worse than death to them. God bless them both! (*Kisses the letter.*)

Enter COL. ARMSTRONG and CAPT. ARNOLD, R. 2 E.

Col. You see, Capt., if this rebel cavalry force is at Fairview we must find a crossing below the bridge and cut off the road between them and the main body.

Capt. Yes, and if they have moved to the east, we can cross the bridge and occupy Fairview.

Col. Exactly. Then we shall be able to keep a watch on their movements and prevent their surprising the brigade.

Capt. Well, then the point is to ascertain the whereabouts of this force.

Col. That is what we must do. Do you know a cool-headed, reliable man for this work in your company?

John. (*Rises, approaches and salutes.*) Excuse me, Captain. I could not help overhearing your conversation. I know what you want and am ready to undertake the task.

Capt. John Bushnell! The very man, Colonel.

Col. Yes, I know John Bushnell well. (*To JOHN.*) I know you are cool and brave, John, but do you thoroughly understand the difficulties to be overcome?

John. I think I do, Colonel. If I did not, I would not volunteer.

Col. Well, I would rather have a volunteer than detail a man to go, but I don't like to risk losing so good a man. You will be wanted some day with shoulder straps.

John. I must win them, then, and here is a chance to begin. If I am fitted for such an enterprise, so much the more reason why I should use all my abilities in serving my country. If I am captured, I shall know at least that the object of my mission was worthy of the sacrifice. I am ready to take the risk. When shall I start?

Col. To-night, so you have ample time to prepare. You must cross the river and get near enough to Fairview to ascertain whether the rebels are quartered there, and if possible, learn their strength. If they have moved, learn where and in what direction. Take only a revolver and knife, move quickly, and report to me as soon as you return.

John. I will use all caution, and if I fail, it will not be my fault. Should I be killed, or captured as a spy, which means death, tell my mother how I fell, and comfort her on your return. My country, my mother and—Helen! I would live for them all, for they need me, but I would die for my country when she calls.

Col. Be cautious and God be with you. (*Music. Shakes hands.*)

Exeunt JOHN R. 2 E., and COL. and CAPT., L. 2 E.

SCENE 3. Woods. 1st grooves.

Enter UNCLE DAN, L. 1 E.

Dan. Dar ain't no use talkin', but dese am pow'ful close times fo' de collud popylashin'. Heah we is cooped up in dese yer hills and dunno

what's a comin' next. But I feel it in my ole bones dat de day ob thanksgibin ain't far off. We'se prayed long and we'se prayed hard, an' de good Lord's gwine to do sumfin fo' his chillen, I do believe. An' while de ole man waits fo' dat good time, when de angel Gab'l pints de way for mas' Linkum's sojers, I'se gwine to do what I kin fo' de Yanks. Dis berry night I'se engaged to show one ob dem Yanks de way to de rebbil lines, and I'll do it, sure nuff. (*Looks R.*) Who dat—who dat coming? It am—no it ain't—yes, it am two boss grey-coats. Dey musn't cotch me heah, fo' dey'd skin me alive, yes dey would. Dar's mischief brewin' suah, an' I'll jes' hide heah and find out about dat. (*Music till off. Hides in wing L.*)

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, as Capt. C. S. A., and HUGH CALVERT, Lieut. C. S. A., R. I E. Music.

Cal. This is important information, Capt. Girard, and I presume you will immediately act upon it.

Os. Yes, Lieutenant, at once.

Cal. How did you ascertain it?

Os. From a deserter from the Union camp, and only an hour ago. We must capture the spy before he can enter our lines, if possible; if not, then before he crosses Little Hollow on his way back.

Cal. Have you notified the Colonel?

Os. No. There is not time, and besides, I want to effect the capture myself. You know how I am looked upon in the regiment. The officers, from the Colonel down to Corporal, with few exceptions, treat me with undisguised disdain, simply because I was not born in the sunny South. I want an opportunity like this, to show them that I can do my part when occasion demands.

Cal. I never doubted your bravery, Capt. Girard, nor your sincerity and patriotism. Still, I have often wondered why you cast your fortunes with us.

Os. Never mind my reasons. It is sufficient for you and the rest to know, that I am with you body and soul. I hate as bitterly as you, the mean-spirited dastards who have taken up arms against us.

Cal. (*Coldly.*) You are in error, Capt. Girard. I do not hate my opponents, for I believe, as firmly as I believe that our cause is a just one, that the Northerners are actuated by what they conceive to be the noblest and most patriotic of motives.

Os. (*Sneeringly.*) Patriotism! Bah! It's the dollars and cents they are after—nothing else.

Cal. I'll not discuss the subject, for I perceive that you are even more prejudiced than our most pronounced fire-eaters.

Os. Very well. I'll keep my opinions to myself, if they do not harmonize with your spiritless, milk and water theories.

Cal. (*Angrily.*) Do you mean to insult me? Beware, Capt. Girard, or I may forget that you are my superior officer.

Os. (*Changing his manner quickly.*) I beg your pardon, Lieut. Calvert. I meant nothing, I assure you. I am not in the best of humors, to-day, and am as likely to offend my best friend as not.

Cal. I am glad you intended no offence, for——

Os. (*Interrupting.*) Say no more, Calvert, for we cannot afford to quarrel at this juncture. We must arrange immediately for the sortie.

Go and pick out three of the bravest and most reliable men in the company, and await me at yonder opening. (*Points L.*)

Cal. They shall be there in half an hour.

Exit L. 1 E.

Os. John Bushnell is in this neighborhood, is in the brigade which will probably move on our works to-morrow. The time is coming then, when I may meet him face to face. If the fates have so ordained, then one of us must die. This world is too small for both of us, and while he lives with scorn and contempt in his heart for me; lives to boast of his triumph and my disgrace, why life to me is but gall and wormwood. I'll not endure it. There must be a change, and the sooner it comes the better. The memory of that last scene, of his false-heartedness and her trust, her love in spite of all, well nigh maddens me. (*Passionately.*) I must not think of it, for when these thoughts arise the torments of hell pale before those I endure. Friends have I none. I stand alone, with no one, no one to care whether I live or whether I die. And yet I might have been happy, I might have had a home and loved ones—an honored name. And when I died my memory would have lived in the hearts of those whom I had loved and toiled for. But now! 'tis too late—too late! (*Music.*)

Exit L. 1 E.

Re-enter DAN from hiding place.

Dan. (*Pointing L.*) He's got em, sure's yer born. I only hope dem evil spirits will cotch him afore he finds mas' Bushnell. Dat reb wid de jim-jams don't spec dat mas' Bushnell is de spy. Laws-a-massy wouldn't he stan on his head fo' joy ef I tole him. Look heah, nigger, dis won't do. You'se done got to stir yo' bones and stop dis little s'prise party. Dey musn't cotch mas' Bushnell a nappin, and dey won't ef ole Dan knows hisself. I don't want to see no mo' trouble, so I'll git dar ef I kin. I'll make dat feller wid de jim-jams do a heap ob cussin' fore long. Ya! Ya!

Exit R. 1 E.

SCENE 4. *Landscape. 3d grooves.*

Enter HARLEY, L. 2 E.

Har. That confounded letter came near being the death of me. The forgery was detected at once, and if I hadn't made a break when I did I'd have been a martyr by this time. (*Looks R.*) Some one coming! It is—Mildred Buford. Aha! my lady, fine words won't turn out trumps this time!

Exit L. 3 E.

Enter MILDRED, R. 2 E. Music.

Mil. What a beautiful night! Not a star is obscured, and the moon looks down as serenely as though her light were reflected upon a scene of happiness and peace. Ah me! I wish this cruel war were over. It will be soon if our brave soldiers do not become discouraged. But I must return.

Enter HARLEY unperceived, L. 3 E.

I fear I have wandered further than I intended, and God knows what dangers may lurk in these mountain fastnesses. (*Starts to return, R. Music—chord.*)

Har. (*Coming forward, R.*) Not so fast, my beauty. You will remain here longer than you calculated.

Mil. (*Attempting to pass him.*) Move out of my path, sir, or you shall answer for this outrage.

Har. Oh, I will, will I? Perhaps you will call upon your uncle, or your friend, Mr. Calvert, but let me inform you that they are miles away from this spot. There is no one within hearing distance, and so, for once, Mildred Buford, you will abide by my wishes.

Mil. (*Aside.*) Merciful heaven, what does he mean? Is there no escape?

Har. I do not desire to put you to any inconvenience, nor to flood those pretty eyes with tears, unless I am obliged to.

Mil. Scoundrel, what do you want? I am at your mercy—we are alone—but beware how you proceed. There is an unseen power that watches over and protects the weak and defenceless, and take care that you do not feel its wrath.

Har. (*Laughing.*) So you want to terrify me, to stay my purpose? But, (*Advancing*) you cannot do it. I fear nothing above or below, and I've made up my mind that when you leave this spot to-night, you leave with me.

Mil. (*Changing her manner.*) Oh, Mr. Harley, do allow me to return to the house. Let me pass, and I promise never to mention what has occurred. I implore you, do not detain me longer.

Har. No. I've waited for this opportunity, and I am a fool if I do not take advantage of it. Come. (*Seizes her. Music.*)

Mil. *Screaming.* Help! Help!

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, L. 2 E.

John. (*Throws HARLEY off and draws revolver.*) You cowardly rascal, what do you mean?

Mil. (*Clinging to John.*) God bless you, sir. He—he sought to detain me here against my will.

Har. (*L. C.*) A likely story, and he's likely to believe it.

John. Another word, sir, and it shall be your last. I believe this lady, and I believe you to be so small and contemptible as not to be worth the powder in one of these barrels. The sooner you take yourself off the better it will be for you.

Har. Thank you. And the sooner you get back among your kind, the better it will be for you. (*Starts to go.*)

John. Halt! (*HARLEY stops.*) I have reconsidered the matter. You will be kind enough to throw down your pistol—throw it down, I say! (*HARLEY sullenly complies.*)

Mil. Oh, sir, what are you going to do with him?

John. I'm going to pull his teeth and cut off his claws, that's all. (*Calls L.*) Uncle Dan!

Enter DAN and CATO, L. 2 E.

Dan. Heah we is, mas' Bushnell. (*Sees Mildred.*) Bress my soul, is dat you, Mis' Mildred? What you doin' here?

Mil. (*Taking his hand.*) I have just escaped a serious danger; I can't tell you anything more.

Cato. Leave her 'lone, can't you, and attend to de boss. See what

he wants, pop, and quit foolin' wid de missus. Come away from dar—come away from dar, now.

John. Dan, take this rope, go to that man yonder, and bind him. He must not escape.

Har. What! Am I a prisoner?

John. You will find out in time. Don't resist, or the Southern Confederacy will be minus a soldier.

Dan. (*Who has been regarding HARLEY in astonishment during JOHN's speech.*) I hope I may nebber—I hope I may nebber see de back ob my neck if dat ain't mas' Harley. Times ain't what dey used to was, dat's a fac'. (*Approaching.*) I'se sorry to do it, massa, I is indeed, but I'se acting under anoder oberseer now, and what he says is de law and de gospel. (*HARLEY looks at him contemptuously, but does not answer.*)

Cato. Want me to help you, ole man?

Dan. Yes, I specs you'd better hold his hands 'hind his back, while I fix him. (*They proceed to bind him.*)

Har. Curse your black carcass, you're stopping the circulation of blood.

Dan. Is I? Well dat's curus. Dat's rebersin' de order ob ebolution. Ya, ya! I remember de time, Mas' Harley, when you increased de circulation ob old Dan's blood. De times have switched around, dat's a fac'. (*To John.*) De prisoner am imprisoned, mas' Bushnell.

John. Now take him to that tree, (*Pointing L. 3 E.*) tie him to it securely, and we will bring him in when we return.

Dan. All right, massa. (*They take hold of him.*)

Har. (*To John.*) Curse you!

Dan. Don' cuss, mas' Harley, fo' you know how I dislike to hear perfanity. Git 'long, git long, now. (*Exeunt DAN, CATO and HARLEY, L. 3 E.*)

Mil. How can I express my gratitude, sir, for your timely assistance. You have done me a service which I can never forget.

John. (*Modestly.*) I couldn't do less and be a man, I am sure. And yet I would do more than this for any woman in distress.

Mil. You are brave and noble for all that. May I ask your name?

John. Certainly. I am John Bushnell, private soldier in the Union army.

Mil. (*Stepping back.*) A Union soldier my preserver!

John. Nothing wrong about that, ma'am, is there?

Mil. I—I—excuse me, I must return to my home. (*Aside.*) To be under obligations to a Yankee; the idea is insufferable.

John. (*Advancing.*) You will permit me to act as your escort until you are within safe distance, at least. If I am not of your political faith, yet you must believe that I am a gentleman.

Mil. (*Quickly.*) Yes. Forgive my rudeness. I accept your escort with pleasure. (*Takes his arm.*)

Re-enter DAN and CATO.

Dan. We'se done it. We lashed him to dat tree so tight dat de debbil hisself can't unloose him.

Cato. 'Deed we did, massa. He kicked and fit like a mad 'possum, but 'twarn't no use, you better believe. But ain't he a cussin'! De air's jest blue wid his perfanity. Well, I reckon he'll stop when he gits fru. Ya, ya!

John. All right. Now, run on ahead and I'll join you presently.
(*DAN and CATO exit, R. 2 E., JOHN and MILDRED follow slowly. Music.*)

Enter GIRARD and three Confederate soldiers, L. 1 E.

Os. This is the place where we must surprise him, boys. There's a chance for a skirmish to-night, and if so, we musn't be in it. Our purpose must not and shall not be thwarted.

1st Sol. What must we do then, Captain?

Os. Conceal ourselves below yonder rocks, (*Pointing L. 3 E.*) and if there's fighting going on, we will be out of harm's way. (*Firing heard L.*) Hark! The fun has commenced. Let us get out of this.

Exeunt L. 3 E.

Har. (Outside.) Help! Help!

Os. (Outside.) Hello! What's this?

Re-enter HARLEY and GIRARD, L. 3 E.

Os. Who are you?

Har. A Confederate soldier, who fell into the hands of the Philistines.

Os. How long since?

Har. Not fifteen minutes ago.

Os. How many of them surprised you?

Har. Three—a Union scout and two niggers.

Os. (Aside.) The spy, by all that's holy. (*To Har.*) Which way did they go?

Har. In that direction. (*Pointing R. 2 E.*)

Os. (Aside.) He will make it, but we'll have him as sure as fate when he returns. (*To Har.*) You would like to capture this fellow, wouldn't you?

Har. Would I? Ha! Just give me a chance.

Os. Then come with us. Our object to-night is to surprise and capture this same Union scout.

Har. I'm your man. Lead on, Captain. *Music.*

Exeunt L. 3 E.

Firing heard L. Enter Confederate squadron L. 2 E., followed by Union force. Battle. Confed's driven off, R. 2 E. They rally and repulse Union force, which retreats to entrance L., then re-inforced they charge on Confederates. Many of the latter are slain and the rest retreat, R. 2 E., the Union force in pursuit.

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, R. 3 E. Music.

John. I have had a narrow escape. But in the darkness I managed to elude the rebel skirmishers, and now I am safe. I have succeeded in my venture, and soon will be within our lines and before the Colonel. I am glad, for Helen's sake, that I have not failed. For her sake the reward will be doubly precious. Uncle Dan warned me of this spot, but I have no fears, for the fight has driven the Confederates into their stronghold. (*Starts for L. 2 E.*)

Enter GIRARD's soldiers, L. 3 E. Music.

1st Sol. Halt! Surrender!

John. My God, have I failed! (*Unbuckles his pistol and throws it down.*) You have me at a disadvantage. I await your commands.

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, L. 3 E.

Os. So, that's the fellow. (*Advancing.*) John Bushnell! (*Music, continuing till end of Act.*)

John. Oscar Girard!

Os. A prize indeed. I little dreamed you were the man I was seeking.

John. (*Scornfully.*) You have done well. May you reap the reward such bravery merits.

Os. Reward! Yes, I will have my reward. It has been slow in coming, the day I have waited and prayed for, but, John Bushell, it has come at last! (*Tableau.*)

Draw flats and disclose

TABLEAU—"RECEIVING THE NEWS."

Slow curtain.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I. *Parlor in GEN. LAMAR's mansion. 3d grooves. Finely furnished.*

Discover MILDRED seated, R. C.

Mil. At sunrise to-morrow John Bushnell will be shot as a spy. The man who rescued me from that villain, Harley, captured by *my* friends, tried and sentenced to death by them! Oh, the horrors of this cruel war! For three weeks that brave Union soldier has been confined in this house, awaiting the return of *my* uncle to act as his judge! That he should die thus!—he who saved me from a fate far worse than death! Something must be done; he must not, shall not perish. (*Crosses to L. and knocks on door. Guard opens it.*)

Enter GUARD.

Mil. I want to see your prisoner for a few moments. Perhaps he desires to send some word to his friends up North. Can't he come in here!

Guard. My orders, Miss Buford, are not to let him out of my sight.

Mil. Yes, I know. But only for a few moments. These are his last on earth, and you won't refuse this little favor?

Guard. I can't refuse you, Miss Buford, but you must give me your word that he'll not escape, and that he shall return to this room when you hear a footstep.

Mil. Yes, I pledge my honor, my life upon that.

Guard. (*Calling L.*) Bushnell! Step this way.

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, L.

Exit Guard, L.

John. I am at your service, Miss Buford, but what can I, a prisoner, do for you?

Mil. It is I who would do you a service, if possible. But I am afraid my debt of gratitude can never be paid. Had you not stopped to save me from that ruffian, you might have escaped, and I should not have felt as though I were the cause of this terrible ending of your rash exploit.

John. Do not look at it in that light, I beg of you. 'Tis but the fortune of war, and had I saved myself by leaving you to a terrible fate, I should be an unworthy son of a noble mother, and unfit to serve under the glorious old flag that shields the weak and protects the defenceless.

Mil. Is there no escape?

John. I am afraid not. The guards are watchful, and prepared for any emergency.

Mil. (*Impetuously, grasping his hand.*) But you can try. Oh, for heaven's sake, make an attempt at least.

John. For the sake of those I love, I would live, but if it is the will of heaven that I should die, I will try and meet my fate like a soldier and a man!

Helen. (Outside.) Mildred! Mildred! (JOHN starts, and MILDRED springs to door and opens it. Music.)

Enter HELEN MARSH, D. in F.

Mil. Helen Marsh!

Hel. Dear Mildred! (Embrace.)

John. (Aside.) Helen here! This is more than I can bear.

Hel. (Turns and sees JOHN.) John! (Runs to him.)

John. Helen! (Embrace and kiss.) My poor girl, what brings you here at this time?

Guard opens door and looks in. Sees situation, nods his head approvingly, and closes door.

Mil. (Aside.) They know each other? What does this mean!

Hel. (Weeping.) My love for you, John, brought me here. I could not stay away and you a prisoner.

John. How did you get here?

Hel. Word was sent from the Union lines to Gen. Lamar, and he granted me safe conduct to his headquarters. (To Mildred.) Mildred, I had almost forgotten your presence. This is my cousin, John Bushnell.

Mildred. I have known Mr. Bushnell for several weeks, but I did not know of your relationship. (Aside.) How shall I tell her the awful news?

(Clank of sabre heard outside, followed by a knock at door in flat. MILDRED catches JOHN by the arm and points to door, L.)

Mil. Quick! Some one comes. You must not be seen in this room.

Exit JOHN, L. D.

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, D. F. Music.

Os. (C. Removing hat and bowing politely to MILDRED.) I beg your pardon, Miss Buford—(Sees HELEN and stops in confusion.) And she here too! Am I dreaming!

Hel. (R.) Oscar Girard, as I live! (To Os.) Can I trust my senses? Oscar Girard in gray!

Os. (Bitterly.) Yes, Capt. Girard, C. S. A. A rebel if you will. Does it surprise you, Miss Marsh?

Mil. (Aside.) What mystery is this? I cannot understand these strange recognitions.

Hel. It does surprise and pain me, Oscar Girard. I could not believe you a coward when you disappeared so suddenly, and others accused you of fleeing to Canada. But farthest of all from my mind was the suspicion that you were a traitor!

Mil. (In remonstrance.) Helen!

Hel. Forgive me, Mildred. In my surprise at seeing a Northerner in that uniform, I forgot that I might hurt your feelings. I know that you and yours are sincere in the belief that the cause of the South is a just one.

Os. (Bitterly.) But you refuse me the same consideration. Well, I don't deserve it. Oscar Girard is not worth considering. His life is a failure; he has gone to the devil, and it makes no difference how or in what way. Nothing that I may do can be right or sincere.

Mil. I do not know what Capt. Girard's motives may be, but we have something of greater moment to talk about. Helen you do not know—you have not heard—

Hel. (*Interrupting.*) What? (*In alarm.*) Why do you hesitate? What do you mean?

Os. (*Quietly.*) She means that John Bushnell has been captured as a spy.

Hel. (*In terror.*) No, no, not a spy, for his fate would be——

Os. Death! (*HELEN shrieks and totters. OSCAR and MILDRED support her.*)

Mil. Do not despair, Helen. There may be hope. Perhaps we can save him. We will save him.

Os. (*Aside.*) This is for *him*! Were I in his place, it would be, "Poor fellow, his own fault."

Hel. (*Looking up.*) Hope! Do you think so? Is there yet time?

Mil. But little time remains, still uncle's influence might be gained, and—(*Stops as if struck by a sudden thought*)—there is Capt. Girard! (*To Os.*) You who captured him, must have some influence. You will surely use it.

Hel. You his captor—you? I will not believe you capable of such an act.

Os. I am a Confederate officer. I did my duty. I was not one of his judges.

Hel. (*In agitation.*) Mildred, let me speak with Capt. Girard alone. Wait for me in the next room.

Mil. Certainly, if you wish.

Exit MIL. R.

Hel. (*Aside.*) Now heaven give me strength and courage! (*To Os.*) Oscar, I have come from his mother to comfort and aid John in his imprisonment, and you tell me he must die, be shot like a dog. You tell me this and you say you did your duty in bringing your old school-mate and friend to his death. What duty do you owe to the Southern Confederacy, Oscar Girard?

Os. The duty of a soldier to the cause for which he is fighting. You mistake when you say John Bushnell is my friend.

Hel. Has he ever acted otherwise than as a friend to you? Oh, you do not mean what you say.

Os. How has he befriended me? By stepping between you and me; by pretending not to know that I loved you more than life, and that I would have given the last drop of blood in my veins for one look of tenderness from your eyes. By turning you from me, just as I began to live in the hope that one day I should lay my life, my all, at your feet, and that you would not spurn me. By making me hate all that is dear to most men in this world, and rendering life a mockery. This is what his friendship has done for me.

Hel. Oh, Oscar, you are wrong. He did not know this!

Os. I lost your love—he stole it. I fell from my position—he prospered. I was scorned and pitied, and called the wreck of a brilliant man, while his good fortune and untempted goodness made him friends. I had nothing left but misery for the future; he looked forward to a life of happiness. I am a rebel and an outcast, you say a traitor. He is loyal and a Union soldier. I wear the gray because *he* wears the blue!

Hel. This is terrible. I swear to you, Oscar, he did not mean to do you harm. You never spoke of your love to him or me.

Os. (*Advancing.*) But I did love you. (*Stops and changes his manner.*) Yet you never loved me. You love John Bushnell.

Hel. I do love John Bushnell. If he dies, I do not care to live. You can save him, Oscar. (*Music.*) For my sake do not let this awful sentence be executed. For my sake, Oscar, if you ever loved me. (*Kneels to him.*)

Os. (*Aside.*) She kneels to me! (*To HELEN.*) Perhaps I can not. It may be too late. Only a few hours remain. Arise, Helen, that is not your place.

Hel. No, no. I will not arise until you promise. Oh, save him Oscar; save him for his poor mother. It will kill her. See, I beg, I pray to you. Forget that you are a soldier, and let your better nature triumph. Save him for my sake!

Os. (*Agitated.*) I am not the one to whom you should pray. Helen, arise. (*Bends over and raises her.*)

Hel. (*Joyfully.*) Then you consent? You will try?

Os. I—I will see what can be done. Go to him. Tell him—(*Thinks a moment*)—tell him to pretend illness—neuralgia—and cover his face with a handkerchief. Never mind why. Do this and then go with Mildred to the General. Lose no time.

Hel. God bless you for this. You are the old Oscar Girard again. I will obey you implicitly. We shall save him with the help of heaven! (*Music till end of scene.*)

Exit HELEN R.

Os. (*In reflection.*) For her sake! What would I not have done for her sake but a few years ago. She might have asked for my life and I would have given it without a regret. Now she pleads for *his* life, and asks me to forego the revenge I have waited for so long. For this I have bartered my honor, my reputation, my very soul! It is now within my grasp and she comes with tears and prayers and asks me to throw it all away. Shall I consent? (*Pause.*) If I refuse and John Bushnell dies, upon whom does my revenge fall? Upon him? No, upon the woman that loves him, upon Helen Marsh whom I love. If I grant her prayer, and restore John Bushnell to freedom, what do I gain? Gratitude? Yes. But does that recompense me for all I have suffered? To see her bestowing upon him the love and smiles that my heart has hungered for—will their gratitude sweeten the bitterness of that cup? Will this act redeem the wasted life, the neglected opportunities, the reckless dissipation and despair? No. It will but make life less endurable. It will take away the only remaining hope that has sustained me. (*Pause.*) But—for her sake! (*Another pause.*) To-morrow's sun shall see the fulfillment of my purpose!

Exit R. 1 E.

SCENE 2. *Landscape. 1st grooves.*

Enter CALEB DOW, unarmed, L.

Cal. Oh dear, oh dear, I wonder what will become of me? I've lost my way and I'm a dead man, I feel it in my bones. When those rebel skirmishers attacked us, I was taken with one of my sick spells. I never was so sick in my life. I was sick all over, and as I didn't have any quinine, why I run off to get some, and I do guess I run the wrong

way. Where am I? I don't know. I may be in awful danger, and if I am—(*looks nervously around*)—what shall I do? I wish I was at home. I wish I had never been born.

Enter HARLEY with gun, R.

(*Aside.*) I'm done for, now.

Har. (*Aside.*) A Yank and unarmed. He's my meat. (*To CALEB.*) Surrender!

Cal. Yes, I do, but don't kill me. I'm sick, I've got the heart disease, and—and I never harmed anybody in all my life. I never did, Mister.

Har. (*Aside.*) That's the fellow who arrested me when I tried to enter the Union lines. I'll have some fun with him. (*To CAL.*) Now you've got to obey orders. If you don't, I'll run this bayonet through you.

Cal. Don't stick that in me and I'll do anything.

Har. See that you remember it. Right face. (*CALEB obeys.*) Down on your knees. (*CALEB falls on his knees.*) Hands behind your back. (*CALEB complies.*) Now, do you know "Mary had a little lamb?"

Cal. Yes—yes, sir.

Har. Then repeat it, and mind, if you miss a single line I'll jog your memory with this. (*Tapping bayonet.*)

Cal. Oh, I'll say it backward, if you'll be kind to me.

Har. Go on, then. (*CALEB recites the first verse.*) Now the second verse. (*CALEB, after considerable difficulty, gets through the verse.*) Now get up. (*CALEB gets up.*) Left face—forward, march! *Gives him a prod with the bayonet.*

Exeunt, L.

SCENE 3. *Plain chamber. 3d grooves, chairs R. and L. Gas one-half down.*

Discover JOHN BUSHNELL, seated L. C. Music during soliloquy.

John. A few hours and all will be over. At daybreak to-morrow I shall die. The last hope is gone, and there only remains the dread fulfillment of the sentence which delivers me from all the joys and ills of earth. Do I fear the ordeal? No. I have not shrunk from the sacrifice, and I am ready to meet it. And yet how I long to live. How precious life is to me at this moment. (*With emotion.*) Mother! Helen! To part from you now, to leave behind such a wealth of love, such golden promises. (*Calmly.*) But it is for the best, and in spite of earthly longings and mortal cares, a happiness born of heaven cheers me on the brink of death. I shall meet them there!—there, where there is neither hate nor discord, but eternal peace and love.

Enter GUARD dragging CALEB DOW, R. D. in F.

Guard. Come, tumble in here, you Yankee numbskull.

Cal. (*Falling on his knees and clasping his hands.*) Don't kill me, Mr. rebel, don't, that's a dear, good man. I'm subject to heart disease, and I'll die of my own accord if you'll let me alone.

Guard. (*Contemptuously.*) Kill you! Ha! Ha! Oh no. That would be doing you a service. Life is a burden to you, I should judge, and as I wish you ill, I want you to live.

Cal. Oh thank you, thank you. I am yours with—with respect—truly yours—your most obedient servant, as long as I live. I'll remember you, see if I don't.

Guard. Yes, I think you will.

Cal. You—you are sure, perfectly satisfied, good Mr. rebel, that I won't be killed?

Guard. Certain of it. Will exchange you at the first opportunity for a Confederate soldier. We won't keep *you* long.

Cal. Thank you again, thank you. You have added ten years to my life. Oh, Melissy, Melissy, you shall yet clap eyes upon your lovin' Caleb.

Guard. You needn't thank me. Come, get up out o' that. (*Prods him with bayonet.*)

Cal. (*Rising nimbly.*) Oh yes, I'll get up—I'll do anything for you. I'll stand on my head if you say so.

Guard. Stop your nonsense, or I'll soften that head o' yours with this musket stock.

Cal. I will. I will keep my mouth shut for a month of Sundays. (*Turns and sees JOHN.*) Good gracious! Is that you, John!

John. How are you, Caleb?

Cal. Oh, I'm six of one and half a dozen of the other. We're in for it, I calkilate.

John. Yes, but to-morrow I shall be free!

Cal. Free! Then John, I'll tell you what I want you to do. You—(*Notices expression on JOHN'S face and stops suddenly.*) Oh!

Guard. Get in there. (*Pointing L.*) No conversation allowed between prisoners.

Exit CAL. L., followed by GUARD.

John. (*Rising.*) Yes, soon will I be free, and my soul will mount on angel's wings to the land of eternal liberty! (*Music for DAN'S entrance.*)

UNCLE DAN shows head in D. in F.

Dan. Mas' Bushnell, is you 'lone?

John. Yes.

Dan. (*Entering.*) I'se ter'ble sorry fo' you, massa, I is indeed.

John. (*Shaking his hand.*) I know it, Uncle Dan, and I know that you would do anything for me that were possible. How did you pass the guard?

Dan. Oh, easy nuff, easy nuff. I'se a priv'leged pusson. De ole Judge—he's a Ginerall now—gimme de permit. Now, let de ole smile come in yo' face once mo'. Don't be cas' down, for de Lord ain't forsook you altogedder, yit.

John. Ah, Uncle Dan. He never will forsake me!

Dan. Now, look aheah, massa, don't go fo' to say I'se old and foolish and don't on'stan de 'sponsibilities ob de situashin; don't say I mean well fo' you an' try fo' to cheer you up, fo' dat ain't it. (*Mysteriously.*) Sumfin may happen—dar's no tellin', massa—an' if dar does, you'll find ole Dan on de udder side ob de bridge ready to help you fru, and to gib up his ole life fo' your sake.

John. God bless *you, Dan. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, but (*sadly*) there's no hope, no hope.

Dan. Don't you fool yo'self. De Lord ain't gwine to hab such doin's

done; he ain't, suah. (*Coming nearer.*) You's been berry kind to me, sah, and many, many times you's made me feel glad dat I was born. (*Earnestly.* Massa, don't gib up de ship yit. Liff up yo' soul, fo' de Lord'll do sumfin dat will 'clipse his doin's wid Dan'l in de lion's den. I'se suah he will.

John. Well, I'll try and think so, for your sake.

Dan. Dat's right—dat's right, (*At door.*) I mus' be goin now. Keep up yo' heart, massa, don't forgit.

Exit D. in F.

John. What a grand old soul is there in that poor old negro, the representative of a despised and persecuted race. But Uncle Dan's reward will come; if not in this world, then in the next.

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, D. in F. Music.

(*Aside.*) Oscar Girard! I thought in my last moments he would have left me to myself.

Os. (R. c.) You were not expecting a visit from me?

John. No. Still in the light of your past conduct, it is not surprising.

Os. John Bushnell, do you remember the time, long years ago, when you and I played together on the old common? Do you remember how I envied you then? I was a poor orphan boy, and you had a pleasant home, a father's care and a mother's love.

John. (*With anger.*) Yes, I remember it too well, and when I contrast your life, your thoughts, your aspirations then, with what you have since done, with what you are now, my soul is filled with indignation at your audacity and shamelessness in now referring to it.

Os. (*Sits R. c.*) I was an ill-conditioned child at best. But I hadn't a wicked heart, and I did wish then—and I have wished since, how fervently none can tell—for some one to love and cherish; some one who could understand me, and who would have been my guiding star, making me strong, when I was weak and faltering. I—I meant well, John, in those days, indeed I did.

John. (*Looking at him in surprise.*) What is your object in alluding to that which is past and gone, and which (*Bitterly*) might well be forgotten? I see. It is for the purpose of causing me additional pain on this, my last night on earth.

Os. (*Gently.*) No, John, no. Whatever I have been, whatever my shortcomings, my faults, my crimes, I never meant to embitter your last hours. (*Rises and goes toward D. in F.*

John. I confess I do not understand you.

Os. (*Locking door.*) You will not remain long in doubt.

John. (*Aside.*) Does he mean to fulfill his threat of revenge and kill me here! (*To OSCAR.*) Oscar Girard, I comprehend the object of your visit at last. You want my life, and will not trust to the authority which sentenced me. Well, I am ready. I can die now as well as to-morrow.

Os. (*Coming down c.*) Be seated, John Bushnell. You have misjudged my motives and my character. Sit down, I say, for I have something to tell you, something that—that interests us both. (*JOHN sits L.*) I referred a moment ago to a scene of bygone days. I did so, John, because I feel to-night younger than I have felt for twenty years. I am walking now on the borders of a country that my vision has never before encompassed. I hear the singing of birds, the music of rippling

waters, and I breathe in a new atmosphere redolent with the perfume of God's choicest flowers. Doubts, fears, heartaches are all gone, and I feel at last as though I had not lived in vain.

John. (Aside.) He is not in his right mind, surely. *(To Os.)* Oscar, you are not yourself. You must have undergone some severe mental strain to-day.

Os. You are right. I have passed through a conflict to-day that has left me as you now see. I have journeyed out of the gloom and darkness and have entered upon a thoroughfare that leads—*home!*

John. (Warmly.) You have wronged me, Oscar, wronged me cruelly, but as I hope for forgiveness hereafter, I now forgive you freely.

Os. (In surprise.) John, do you mean it?

John. Yes. *(OSCAR grasps him by the hand.)*

Os. John, I saw Miss Buford before I came here. She has seen Gen. Lamar, and there is no hope. The army moves to-morrow, and there is not time to obtain a reprieve from Richmond.

John. I am not surprised, and am ready to meet my fate.

Os. I saw Helen Marsh, also. *(JOHN turns his head away to hide his emotion.)* She gave me a message. She told me to repeat to you these words: Trust fully in Oscar Girard. Obey his commands implicitly. I know his purpose, and I pray for its accomplishment. As you love me, John, follow his directions and comply in all respects with his wishes.

John. I am in the dark—I do not comprehend. But she says trust you, and I do. Give me your hand again. There! *(Taking OSCAR'S hand.)* Do with me as you will.

Os. You will understand by and by. *(Changing his manner and speaking quickly and authoritatively.)* You are under my orders now.

John. Yes. *(Music.)*

Os. Then take off your coat.

John. What!

Os. Take off your coat; be quick about it. *(JOHN takes off his coat.)*

Os. Now that handkerchief about your face. *(JOHN takes it off mechanically.)* Give it to me. *(Gives.)* Now take my coat and put it on. *(OSCAR takes off his coat.)*

John. What does this mean? *(Suddenly.)* Ah, I see! No, no, Oscar Girard, I will not do it. I refuse to accept the sacrifice.

Os. (Rapidly.) Sacrifice? There is no sacrifice. You will escape without trouble. The countersign is "Richmond." Beyond the last sentry, at the bridge, you will find Uncle Dan, who will guide you to the Union outpost, which is not far distant. You have ample time to head a party and effect my rescue. It can be done to-night.

John. But you will be recognized when the guard enters.

Os. No. We are about the same height, it is dark here, and with your clothes and that handkerchief about my face, I can defy detection. Come man, put on that coat! *(Assists JOHN to put it on, and then gives him his hat.)*

John. (Taking OSCAR'S hat.) Oscar, I am fearful—the risk is too great.

Os. (Putting on JOHN'S things.) No. If you do your part, all will be well. Now button up that coat and go. Remember that Helen, the woman you love, is up-stairs praying for you. Remember that your mother sits at home with hands clasped, waiting for the news that shall

break her heart or fill her soul with joy. Remember that your country needs you, and that compliance with this demand is not only your salvation, but mine!

John. I will try it, then. Good bye, Oscar, good bye. I will save you or die in the attempt?

Exit D. in F.

Os. (*Staggers back and falls in chair, L. Music.*) At last—at last! The clouds have disappeared and all is bright once more. It is well, it is well that I have done this. I could not have done better, and come weal or woe, I shall never regret it. (*Starts up L.*) He will return—I know him so well. He will save me, and then——

Enter MILDRED D. F. Music.

Mil. (*R.*) I have failed, and the last hope is gone. I must see him once more though I have no words to cheer and comfort him. (*Goes toward Girard.*) Mr. Bushnell, I have come—(*Girard turns and faces her. Music. MILDRED starts.*) You—you have done this!

Os. (*Calmly.*) Yes.

Mil. To save his life?

Os. Yes.

Mil. What heroism! Brave, noble soul that you are!

Os. (*Agitated.*) No, no. You place too high an estimate upon my action.

Mil. No—no. You sacrifice your life for his. Let me—let me kiss your hand. (*Falls on knees and presses her lips to his hand. OSCAR turns away in emotion.*)

Os. (*Aside.*) What new feeling is taking possession of my soul? She honors me—she, so good and beautiful!

Mil. And you will die! This is cruel.

Os. No, I may be saved. Bushnell will rescue me if possible.

Mil. But there is danger. You must not be sacrificed. Is there no hope of escape?

Os. None.

Mil. (*Aside.*) What a grand heroic soul. I—I almost love him!

Os. (*Aside.*) This but adds new bitterness to the cup. Can it be possible?—no. There is but one woman, and her image is engraven on my heart.

Mil. Capt. Girard, if you must die, I want to tell you how much I honor you, and how sorry I am for you. (*Noise outside. MILDRED springs to OSCAR's side.*) Some one coming. Can it be your rescuers?

Enter GUARD. Music.

Os. No. It is not yet time. Be calm, now, for the sake of the man whose place I have taken; for the sake of Helen, your friend, and the woman he loves.

Guard. Prisoner, I have unpleasant news to communicate.

Os. (*In a whisper, his face turned from the guard.*) Unpleasant news? What can it be?

Guard. The enemy's force are moving, are even now near at hand, and an immediate retreat has been ordered. In consequence, the execution will take place immediately. (*MILDRED shrieks, OSCAR supports her.*)

Guard. My orders are to take you out upon the square at once.

Os. (*Great mental struggle lasting half a minute. Then to the guard.*)
I am ready!

Mil. (*Starting.*) No, no, you must not, you shall not! There is some mistake. The man you have imprisoned here is—(*Shots heard outside. Exit GUARD door L. Another volley. Enter Union soldiers D. in F. and at L. D. JOHN leading latter body.*)

TABLEAU.

Quick curtain.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I. *Landscape. 4th grooves. Near Appomattox.*

Enter CALVERT and several Confederates, R 2 E.

Cal. (Facing them.) Soldiers, this is our last chance. The enemy is before us and a defeat now would demoralize the entire corps. Be brave then, be vigilant, sure of arm and quick of eye. Forward!

Exeunt L. U. E.

Firing L. Re-enter Confederates, L. U. E. followed by Union squad. CALVERT falls. Union force, including SI WINSLOW, follow in pursuit of fleeing Confederates, R.

Enter CALEB DOW, cautiously, L. 2 E.

Cal. I can't run as well as I used to, so I calkerlate I'll bring up the rear. *(Sees CALVERT's body.)* Hello! There's been a tussle. I wonder if he's dead? *(Approaching.)* Say, have you kicked the bucket? You aint shammin', are ye, Mister? *(Still nearer.)* Jernsha, he's dead—dead as a door nail. Who killed the critter? *(Stops as if struck by a sudden thought.)* Who? Why I killed him, of course. *(Looks carefully about.)* I killed him, and I know jest what I'll do, too. I'll make the boys believe I had the all-tarnashunist scrimmage they ever heard tell on. Then I'll be promoted and Melissy will be the proudest piece of caliker that ever tackled sweet cider. Certainly I killed him. Seven of 'em came rushin' on me, and I killed 'em all. No, that won't do. I killed one and the rest flew away. That's it. Now I'll clinch that little argument and make the boys think I'm a bad man with a bad eye. *(Opens vest, takes pistol and shoots through vest and coat on left side. Dances about on report of pistol.)*

Enter SI WINSLOW and several Union soldiers, R. 2 E.

Sil. Caleb, what on airth air you doin' there? Why aint you been helpin' us out, that's what I want to know?

Cal. Because I had a little fight of my own on hand, that's why. I was set upon by nine rebels, all of 'em over six feet high, and I killed one and the rest run as though Old Nick was after 'em. You orter seen 'em.

Sil. (Sarcastically.) You did, eh? You're sure you aint stretchin' it jest a little! Now don't try and come it over us with any of your whoppers, or I'll blow on ye. I will, or I'm a sinner.

Cal. I aint lyin'. I fit the whole caboodle, single-handed. Jest see where I was shot. *(Shows bullet holes.)*

Sil. (Looking.) So they shot ye? Wall, if that don't beat all. And they didn't kill ye?

Cal. No, the bullet must have glanced.

Sil. (Feeling in CALEB's bosom.) Let me see. You orter been killed, and I 'low there's a reason for your livin'. *(Feels a hard substance in CALEB's inner vest pocket.)* I see. *(Solemnly.)* Caleb, my son, your life has been saved by a miracle. The bullet instead of gallivantin' round

your insides and playing smash with your gizzard, struck something in your pocket and suspended business. Many a poor critter has owed his life to that savin' volume of grace, and it speaks well for you, Caleb, that you have always carried it—your mother's gift—next your heart. It shows that your bringin' up was such as any young man might be proud of. Here's the dockyment that presarved you. (*Draws out pack of cards. All laugh. SIL looks at cards as if dumbfounded.*) Caleb, I 'low I made a mistake, or I'm a sinner.

Cal. (*Hastily.*) They are not mine. I was jest keeping 'em for a feller.

Sil. I've got an idea, Caleb, that the truth and you parted company some time ago. (*Shots, L.*) Come boys, we're needed below. Caleb, you jes' nat'rally come to the front, and if I catch you at any of your pesky tricks again, I'll land you in kingdom come. I will, by beeswax!
Exeunt L. 2 E.

SCENE 2. *Wood. 1st grooves. Gas one-half down.*

Enter MILDRED and UNCLE DAN, L.

Dan. Come 'long, missy, we aint no time to lose. We'se pow'ful fo'tunate ter git away f'rm de house fo' dey begun skirmishin' roun' de lawn.

Mil. I wish you could find Capt. Girard. He would know which direction we ought to take to escape these guerrillas, that are plundering and pillaging friend and foe alike.

Dan. I know de danger, missy, but we'll soon be clar of de wilderness. You foller ole Uncle Dan.

Mil. I won't say another word. Lead the way. *Exeunt R.*

SCENE 3. *Landscape. 3d. grooves. Gas three-fourths down.*

Enter UNCLE DAN, R. 2 E.

Dan. Dis am de dang'rous place. If de coast am clar, I'll go back dar in de brush, git de missus and pceed wid de journey. Dey don't appear to be no gorillas 'bout heah. (*Stops and listens.*) 'Sh! Was dat? Who dar? Dat you, Cato? Jes' like dat boy, foolin' de ole man wid his nonsense. (*Stands with back to L. U. E.*)

Enter HARLEY, L. U. E. Music. Full gas.

Har. (*Catching DAN by the shoulder.*) So it's you, you old black scoundrel! I've got you this time.

Dan. Fo' de Lord, who's dis? (*Turns.*) Massa Harley! Hebben help de missus now!

Har. Is she near this place, you old villain?

Dan. No, no, mas' Harley. She aint no whar roun' heah. She stayed behin' at Fairview.

Har. You lie. You know she left Fairview three weeks ago for her sister's home at Appomattox. She's not far away, and you know where she is. Is she at her sister's? Tell me, you whining hypocrite, or I'll—(*Shoves pistol under DAN's face.*)

Dan. I can't tell yer, suah. Her sister's done gone away long ago

and dar's no one 'tall at de house. Ise gwine away all alone. All de darkies hab left de ole place an' Uncle Dan can't stay dar no mo.'

Har. No, you won't stay there "no mo'." Do you remember when you tied me to that tree two years ago, and said I'd stay there? Do you? Curse your black heart, *you'll* stay here, now. (*Throws DAN down.*)

Dan. (*On his knees.*) Don't, Mas' Harley. It ain't wuff while to kill de ole nigger dat ain't got long to stay in dis world, nohow.

Har. Will you tell me where your mistress is, if I let you go?

Dan. No, I can't. Fo' de Lord, I can't, massa. (*Music till shot is fired.*)

Har. (*Savagely.*) Then may the devil get you. Take that. (*Shoots DAN.*) I reckon you won't go far, now. (*Spurns DAN with his foot.*) Now for the house! *Exit L. U. E.*

Dan. (*Groaning.*) Oh, de po' missy. De ole man can't help her no mo'! (*Gas one-half down.*)

Enter MILDRED, cautiously, R. 2 E.

Mil. (*Calling.*) Uncle Dan! Is he here, I wonder? Uncle Dan, where are you?

Dan. Yes, I'se heah. (*Groans.*)

Mil. (*Crossing to DAN.*) What! Uncle Dan wounded! Who has done this?

Dan. Yes, Missy, I'se shot fru' de side. (*Groans.*) Mas' Harley finish his work at las'.

Mil. Harley—here! Heaven help me, now! But speak to me, Uncle Dan. (*Kneeling.*) Can I not aid you? Haven't you strength to get away from this place with my help? (*Raises his head. Music, continuing till end of scene.*)

Dan. No, missy, de ole man's time am come, and de angels am a waitin' at de gates fo' to take him home to glory. I'se bin a long time on de road, de ole feet am weary wid trab'lin, but de golden sho's am ready at de end, and I'se gwine to rest at de foot ob de throne.

Mil. (*Trying to staunch his wound with her handkerchief.*) No, no, you must not die. This is the work of that cowardly villain. May Heaven deal to him his just reward! Hunted as a traitor by both sides, he completes his list of crimes by murdering this old man. What can I do? (*DAN raises himself on one elbow.*)

Dan. De angels call Uncle Dan. Let me take yo' han', missy. (*Takes her hand.*) De dear, kin' face am growing dim. De darkness am a fallin' and de world fades befo' de mortal eyes, but de light ob eberlastin' glory shines ober yonder, and de way am clear. De heavenly chorons am a callin' Uncle Dan, an' he must go. I'se comin', good Lord, I'se comin'. (*Falls back and dies. MILDRED lays him down gently.*)

TABLEAU. *Phantom Chorus.*

SCENE 4. *Wood or garden. 1st grooves.*

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, L.

Os. I wonder what has become of Mildred? I can find no trace of her. Gen. Lamar dead, her sister gone, her friends scattered far and wide, and the country hereabout, since the surrender of Lee, at the mercy of roving bands of plundering guerillas, her situation is indeed a pitiable

one. But as long as I live, she will have one friend who will serve and protect her. Unwilling again to take up arms in defence of a cause that now my very soul revolts at, I can find no better occupation, no sweeter duty than in watching over and assisting the helpless and unfortunate. The wild, mad passion for Helen Marsh has vanished, and now I can contemplate her happiness without one sigh of regret. But Mildred—poor girl—I must not forget her. Brave, patient, noble and self-sacrificing, she is truly one of the purest and best of God's creatures.

Enter CATO, R, out of breath.

Well, Cato, what is the matter?

Cato. (Excitedly.) Oh, massa, I'se glad I'se foun' yer. Dey's done it, dey's done it.

Os. Done what? Explain.

Cato. Uncle Dan—dey's killed him. He'll neber sarb Mis' Mil'ded no mo.'

Os. (Aside.) Uncle Dan dead! And he was with Mildred when she left her sister's house. My God, I dare not think of the worst!

Cato. Oh, massa, I ain't tole yer all. I heerd de gun go off, an' jes' about dat time I saw massa Harley runnin' f'ru de trees.

Os. (Starts.) Harley! My worst fears may be realized. Come, Cato, follow me. There's work to be done and you and I must do it.

Exit CATO, R.

God grant that she is safe. But if harm has befallen her, the life of Richard Harley shall pay the forfeit!

Exit, R.

SCENE 5. *Sitting room in house of MILDRED's sister. Neatly furnished. Door, C.*

Enter MILDRED, C. D.

Mil. No one here? All is safe then. The guerillas have departed and there can be no present danger. At any rate, this place is better than those gloomy woods, where every tree seems to conceal a human blood-hound. Uncle Dan dead, I have no one to protect me now. Poor, faithful old slave! His black skin covered as white a soul as ever dwelt in human clay. The angels have indeed, called him home. *(Starts.)* What is that? Something surely stirred outside. I tremble with a nameless horror! What if that fiend has followed me? What if—*(Music.)*

Enter HARLEY, in disordered condition, C. D.

(Aside.) I am lost, indeed!

Har. Fortune favors me, my lady. I little dreamed to find you here, and alone. *(Advancing.)*

Mil. Monster—fiend! If you have no respect for the living, let the thought of that dead face under the oak appall your guilty soul.

Har. You are wasting breath. Once I loved you, and would have obeyed your slightest wish. Now my heart is ice. But one object actuates, but one thought possesses me—revenge!

Mil. And you let your vengeance fall on the weak and helpless, upon those who never wronged you. Coward! In spite of your threats, in spite of the knowledge that your hands have been steeped in human blood, I do not fear you. I scorn and defy you!

Har. Brave words those, my beauty, but I'll tame that proud spirit, if I hang for it. *(Advances.)*

Mil. (R. C.) Beware, Richard Harley! You are treading on danger-

ous ground. I am a woman, with but a woman's strength, yet sooner than permit your loathsome touch, I would lay you dead at my feet! (*Draws dagger from her bosom.*)

Har. (*Starting back.*) Oho! The tigress shows her teeth. You mean fight, do you? But I'll show you. My life isn't worth that to me now, (*Snaps his fingers,*) and there's no telling how soon I may go under. But before I do leave this inhospitable clime, I'll pay one score of long standing, and now's my time. (*Draws revolver. Music till shot is fired.*)

Mil. What would you do? Murder me in cold blood?

Har. You have said it. The devil has me in his clutches, and one life, more or less, won't unsettle the account. (*Cocks pistol and takes aim.*)

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, C. D. He rushes toward MILDRED as HARLEY fires, and receives the shot, then staggers and falls, MILDRED supporting him.

HARLEY exits, C. D., at moment of firing.

Mil. (*Piteously.*) Oscar, my love, my life! (*Looks up.*) He has killed him!

Os. (*Rouses.*) Mildred—are you there—safe?

Mil. Yes, I am unharmed. But you—you are wounded.

Os. Yes, his aim was a true one. But I am content. Your dear life was not sacrificed. I arrived just in time. (*Shot outside.*) What is that?

Enter CATO, C. D., pistol in hand.

Cato. I fotedched him. He'll nebber do no mo' debbil's work, you heah me. (*Sees OSCAR.*) Oh, massa, is you hurt? Who done it?

Os. Harley, but—it's nothing. Is he—really—dead? (*Speaking with difficulty.*)

Cato. 'Deed he is. He was fixin' dat shootin' iron for dis chile's benefit, but I speek I was too spry fo' him. (*Music till end of scene.*)

Os. Mildred, let me look into your dear face again. Let me see you smile as you used to before—ah! I—faint—there's a mist before my eyes—Mildred—kiss me! (*She kisses him—he falls back.*)

Mil. Oscar, look up, speak to me again. Oscar—Oscar! He has fainted. Cato, some water, quick.

Exit CATO, C. D.

My God, if he is dead, what shall I do? Oscar, my love, that you should suffer thus for me! (*Embraces. Close in.*)

SCENE 6. *Street. 1st grooves. Near Appomattox, C. H.*

Enter COL. ARMSTRONG and SI WINSLOW, R.

Col. A. Well, Uncle Si, the war is over and we are going home at last.

Sil. Yes, and I am tarnation glad of it. I like fightin' well enough, when it's got to be did, but I've done my stint, or I'm a sinner.

Col. A. I can't help thinking of the brave boys we left in their last bivouac on many a southern field. It will be a sad meeting when we shake hands with some poor fellow's mother, Uncle Si.

Sil. (*Brushing his eyes hastily.*) Consarn my old eyes, they've been weakenin' for a spell. But Colonel, don't you know it will be good news that Oscar Girard's turned out so well, considerin' what a no-account feller he used to be.

Col. A. Yes, it will. Oscar was on the wrong side for awhile, but

after that affair at Fairview, a complete change came over him, and his better nature triumphed.

Sil. Where is he now? I 'low I give it up.

Col. A. The last I heard of him, he was making a rattling fight against Dick Harley's rangers. But we must get back to camp. We will leave for Washington in an hour.

Sil. I'll put in big licks for Oscar among the folks, or I'm a sinner.

Exeunt L.

SCENE 7, and last. *Landscape. Full stage. Tent, R. U. E. Soldiers making preparations to break camp. CALEB DOW, at Corporal, among them.*

Enter SI WINSLOW, L. 2 E.

Sil. (To Cal.) Look here, sonny, do you guess what we're pullin' up stakes for!

Cal. (With dignity.) Call me Corporal, if you please. What's the use of havin' a title if nobody ain't goin' to tack it onto a feller?

Sil. Du tell! I 'low I let your rank slip my mind as slick as wheel grease. Corporal Dow, we're getting our traps together for home, as sure as death an' taxes.

Cal. Je-whillikens! Let's say good-bye and leg it for the cars. Where's my things? (*Rushes wildly around, upsetting everything.*) Oh, Melissy, I'm coming. I fly to your arms straight as a crow. Oh, cracky.

Sil. Say boys, some on ye stop that pesky loonatick. He's worse'n a skeered cow in an old woman's posey patch. Gosh all hemlock! Stop that prancing round—you are like pop-corn on a hot stove. (*Catches CALEB.*)

Cal. Ain't I goin' to see Melissy, and didn't she say in her letter, after I had told her about bein' an officer, that she'd give me a different kind of a smack from the one I got last. I'm in a hurry, Uncle Si.

Sil. Wall, now jist settle down and quiet your hurry. I'll tell M'liss how you killed fourteen Johnnies, and how your prayer-book saved your life, if you don't. She'd like to hear it, so I 'low.

Cal. Oh, thunder, don't do that—don't.

Sil. Well, then, don't be boisterous. (*CALEB and SILAS go up stage.*)

Enter JOHN BUSHNELL, as Major U.S.A., and COL. ARMSTRONG, L. 2 E.

John. So we leave for Washington at once.

Cal. Yes, Major, that is the order.

John. I must see that Helen is ready, then. She has rendered noble service in the hospital since she joined us. (*Goes to entrance of tent and calls.*) Helen!

Enter HELEN from tent.

Hel. Yes, John, I know we are going home, and I am ready. We shall soon see your dear mother, and how happy she will be to look upon your face after these years of absence and anxiety.

John. And life will be sweet to me with my heroic little wife to cheer me in peace as her presence strengthened me in war. As lovers we have passed through the baptism of blood together, and have earned happiness for the future.

Sil. Fall in, company! (*Soldiers form, military bus. CAPTAIN ARNOLD takes command.*)

Enter CATO, L. 2 E. running.

Cato. Hol' on, hol' on dar, you sojers. Dar's somebody gwine up Norf wid you. Dey's comin' right 'long and wants you to wait. I'se gwine too, I is.

Col. We can't take a lot of darkies with us. We must be moving.

John. Wait a moment, Colonel, please. (*To CATO.*) Who is coming, Cato?

Cato. Here dey is, now. Hooray! (*Music.*)

Enter OSCAR GIRARD, pale as though from recent illness, MILDRED BUFORD on his arm, L. 2 E.

John. Oscar! Thank heaven you have come. We feared you had fallen into the hands of the guerrillas.

Os. I have been in great peril, but it's all over now.

John. And you are going home with us?

Os. Yes, with the Colonel's permission.

Hel. (*To MIL.*) And you are going, too, Mildred?

Mil. Yes, Oscar has asked me to share his fortunes. He has saved my life, and it belongs to him. Fairview is ruined and desolate, and Oscar and you, dear Helen, are all that I have left to love. Why should I not go with you to your Northern home?

Hel. You shall. The war that separated us shall but unite us closer than before, and our sister from the Sunny South will find a warm welcome to our Northern hearth.

Os. And may I forget that in my blindness, I ever raised a hand against the old flag there, (*pointing*) to strike a single star from its azure field.

John. A nation's best blood has washed it free from stain.

Sil. And we'll keep it clean, or I'm a sinner.

Os. Long may it wave o'er the land of the free.

Hel. And none but LOYAL HEARTS!

All form picture.

	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	
	*				Soldiers					*			
*		*	John	*	*	Hel		Col A	*	*	Cato	*	
*		*			Os	*	*	Mil				*	
*	*	Cal									Sil	*	*

Draw flats and show,

TABLEAU—"RECONCILIATION."

Slow curtain.

FINIS.



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